

NEW STATESMAN

CHRISTMAS
BOOKS ISSUE: 1**Alexander Cockburn: The Observer's Oil Deal****Jeremy Bugler: Windscale's Fuel for Controversy****Neal Ascherson: Ironies of Devolution****Profile of Norman St John-Stevas****John Fowles: The Life of Conan Doyle****Edward Boyle: Heath T. R. Fyvel: Bellow****Martin Amis on Auberon Waugh and the Eye****Donald Davie: Ellmann's American Verse**

Ambassador College

JAN 12 1977

LIBRARY

Till the Pips Squeak?

The moment of greatest domestic disillusionment with the last Labour Government came at the point when the party's own most loyal economists and social scientists published findings which showed that the national profile of wealth distribution had actually got worse under Wilson. With the utmost imaginable cynicism, this became a theme of Tory propaganda at the 1970 election – just as Mr Michael Heseltine is now daring to accuse the Government of worsening the public sector unemployment position. Once again it needs to be pointed out that the Tories offer no bouquets to Labour governments which steal their clothes.

Labour faces the country with a three-pointed absurdity at the moment. Its policy on interest rates has meant that the holders of potential investment capital have to do no more than buy in to government bonds in order to preserve and even enhance the value of their money. Labour has become the party of unearned income, even of new millionaires, whose paper holdings represent no real wealth of industry and whose feather-bedding has eroded any incentive to invest in production. Meanwhile, at the bottom of the scale the poor are starting to take it out on each other. The whole phoney indignation of the Conservative yahoos about social security 'scroungers' masks the fact that some people are so badly paid in this country that it *could*, mutatis mutandis, pay them not to work. No backbench loudmouth has yet found an example of a man leaving a secure job in order to try this stunt on, any more than they have found any Moscow lucre on the *Tribune* Group. But the point should be taken.

In Britain today a single person without dependants earning the modest sum of £55 per week will find him or herself paying £17 to the state in tax and national insurance contributions. Small wonder, then, at the resentment generated against hypothetical fiddlers just a little lower down in the scale. It is the very stuff of which Tory working-class attitudes are made, and very convenient for the Tory Party itself as a scapegoat for its own version of the politics of envy. Nor would it be alarmist to say that an

atmosphere of this sort, under economic circumstances of this kind, will assist in poisoning race relations at the level of street and housing estate. Meanwhile, our new Labour-sponsored fat cats can relax.

'Labour drops planned wealth tax' is a headline for all seasons. It is the veritable King Charles's head of British social democracy. Hardly any excuse for the postponement has not been deployed at one time or another. This week, it was the turn of Norman Atkinson, pillar of the *Tribune* group and paid-up 'enemy within', to tell us that 'We have to realise that there are tremendous problems about introducing such a tax which have never been solved anywhere else in the world. We have no experience from other countries to guide us'. That at least had the virtue of novelty – usually the excuse is about parliamentary time, or the theory that such a tax would cost more to administer than it would raise for the Exchequer, or that it would alienate the middle ground, or lose foreign confidence in sterling.

Commenting on aspects of this triple paralysis, *The Times* remarked this week that 'there is no lack of will about the proposed wealth tax'. It is difficult to think of any more precise inversion of the truth of the matter. Will, and in all departments, is *precisely* what Labour lacks as a government. It allows itself to be humiliated by the House of Lords without even announcing measures of future retaliation which might stop the titled guerrillas in their tracks. It allows itself to be put on the defensive even over such a basic and simple issue as the right of those without a job to receive support from society; surely one of the fundamental divisions between Labour and Tory thinking. It allows its own supporters to bear enormous burdens of sacrifice without any hope that the eventual pay-off will come. And it placates those already well-off without receiving a single reciprocal gesture. The Queen's Speech might as well have been written by Prince Philip in one of his spasmodic moments of uplift. It does not even represent a socialism of poverty; rather, it shuts the door on any kind of socialism at all.

Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

What the Queen Really Said

MY LORDS AND MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

My Husband and I are appalled at the events being prepared to mark the 25th Anniversary of My Accession to the Throne. However We realise that We will have to go through all the palaver in order to keep the nation sweet, and to preserve our share of the money supply. Anybody who imagines that the Jubilee would be an appropriate occasion for a nice gesture (such as reopening the grounds of Buckingham Palace, which used to be available to the public, or handing over Our magnificent art collection, which was all bought with your money) has another think coming.

My Government is determined that it shall not be blown off course. But if it is blown off course, it is determined that it shall not be seen to have been blown off course. For if it is seen to be so blown, it will lose the confidence of the nation. For this reason, all compasses, charts and log-books will be declared classified material, and withdrawn from general use.

My Government will maintain its abject servility in all matters relating to American foreign policy. Whatever Mr Carter decides to do will be perfectly okay by Us, thank you very much.

My Government will continue a level of defence expenditure which is out of all proportion to our economy. Don't pay any attention to what My Prime Minister said about reducing our commitments to the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. That's all tosh. My Government will continue to take part in ridiculous and costly war-games in the North Sea. What ships we have will continue to potter round the globe, causing vast amusement wherever they go. My army will continue to train for an active role in domestic emergencies.

My Government will remain compliant with the wishes of the CIA. My Home Secretary will shame us all by his deportation orders, which will be designed to make this country as unfriendly as possible towards alien champions of liberty and justice.

Their domestic counterparts will get pretty short shrift as well, if My Government has anything to do with it.

My Ministers will continue to govern under conditions of maximum secrecy, so that the left hand will not know what the right hand is doing, and so that it will remain more or less impossible to find out who is taking the major decisions, and on what evidence the relevant judgments have been made.

Phoney conventions will be invoked in order to prevent and impede those who try to shed a little light on My Government.

My Government will cave in under the pressures of the Treasury and the International Monetary Fund. They will intro-

duce further cuts in public expenditure, to the consequent detriment of the economy, which will remain a prey to international trade. Our factories will close down, the process of de-industrialisation will continue, unemployment will pass the two million mark and there will be a steady flow of emigrants from the ranks of the skilled workers.

My Government will completely forget the doctrine expounded in Labour's 1945 Manifesto, to the effect that recessions are not mere 'economic blizzards'. They will decide that they have simply to sit out this blizzard. In consequence they will emerge frost-bitten and crippled. They will have lost the support of labour, to whom they will have offered nothing but compulsory idleness and a reduced standard of living. Economic planning will not be possible and the National Enterprise Board will not be in a position to fulfil the role for which it was designed.

My Government will abandon My loyal subjects in Southern Rhodesia to rebels against the Crown. It will continue its policy of ratting on all Commonwealth commitments. It has already abstained in last week's UN vote on Cyprus. It will do nothing more about Cyprus if it can possibly help it. In consequence, I do not look forward at all to the meeting of Commonwealth heads in London, particularly to the arrival of that black man Mr Manley, to whom our American friends seem to have taken such a violent dislike.

My Government will continue to permit any old foreign chancer to move in and buy up our national newspapers without referring the matter to the Monopolies Commission or lifting any other sort of finger at its disposal.

My Government will continue to make the break-up of My Kingdom as slow, lingering and painful as possible. Any thought of giving way gracefully or efficiently will be stamped on.

In this, and over elections to the Euro-

pean Assembly, My Government will proceed only with legislation that has been forced upon it by circumstances beyond its control. In consequence, the next session will be dominated by Bills for which there is no genuine enthusiasm within the elected body.

My Government will continue to appoint rich nonentities to the boards of public sector industries and will continue to feign surprise when they turn round and bite the hand that fed them. In this connection, We note with interest the progress that has been made towards the abolition of the British railway system.

Under no circumstances, be it understood, will My Government introduce a wealth tax. Those few of us who have a bit put by against hard times are in no mood to share any of it out with the masses, and it happens that we are in a position to make our views on the matter well understood.

In these trying times, you would hardly expect Us, would you, to raise the question of the public schools?

And don't imagine, despite the muttering of My Lord President, that anything will be done about the House of Lords. It still suits my Government to bribe its aged members with the occasional peerage. This practice will continue into the foreseeable future.

My Ministers will also continue in their firm and principled opposition to any form of coalition, until such time as a better offer is made, or they are forced by actuarial considerations to have a little chat with that nice Mr Steel.

My Government will not countenance any form of witch-hunting or McCarthyism within the House of Commons, but will do its level best to root out and suppress the legitimate activities of members of the Militant group within the Labour Party as a whole.

My Government will continue to campaign for the equal treatment of human beings, irrespective of colour, race or creed, excepting when such human beings are trying to get into My country.

My Ministers will stand by the collective decisions of the Cabinet, and the collective decisions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the collective decisions of the Prime Minister, and will not indulge in any public or private criticism of those decisions. There will be no opportunity for public discussion of alternatives until the opportunity for implementing the alternatives has passed away. My Ministers may then approach the publishing houses and obtain contacts for their memoirs.

My Ministers will take every possible precaution against being thrown out of office or going to the country. If such measures begin increasingly to look like the measures proposed by My Leader of the Opposition, then so be it.

Other measures will be laid before you. MY LORDS AND MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

I pray that the blessing of Almighty God may rest upon your counsels.

Or, failing the blessing of Almighty God, I pray that I should be allowed to be among the first to board the life-boats. After that, it's every man for himself, and the last one out's a rotten egg!

NEW STATESMAN

Vol 92 No 2384

Published weekly at Great Turnstile,
London WC1V 7HJ Tel: 01-405 8471
© 1976

The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Annual Subscription Rates

By surface mail UK £12.50 Overseas £14
USA \$30

By air mail Europe £17.50 Middle East £19
Africa, India £20
USA, Canada \$40
Australia, NZ, Far East £21

For details of student rates write to the Subscriptions Supervisor at the above address.

Neal Ascherson

The Ironies of Devolution

Scotland can only watch with awe, as the Government clambers over the parapet and lurches forward into the storm of opposition, amendment, obstruction and mutiny which awaits the Devolution Bill. The throne has spoken: there shall be directly-elected Assemblies in Scotland and Wales. Queen Elizabeth undoes Queen Anne, who made the Union of 1707. As Swift wrote then:

... the Queen has lately lost a part
Of her entirely English heart;
For want of which, by way of botch,
She piec'd it up again with Scotch . . .

The odds look terrible. It is not just the question of heaving this monstrous lump of legislation through Parliament. It is the larger question of whether devolution can work, as it is proposed, or whether the whole scheme, pieced up by way of botch to head off nationalism without endangering the unity of the United Kingdom, will not come to bits in the hands of those who will have to make it function.

Even before the Government left its trenches, a murderous fresh fire of criticism had opened in Scotland. Some came from the political parties, some from mavericks

like John P. Mackintosh, and much came from academics led by Professor Lewis Gunn – his name indeed – who teaches administration at Strathclyde University. This criticism, which bands together those who want more than the Bill offers and those who fear it offers too much, argues that there is no stable point of balance between a mere tinkering with the status quo and a grant of effective powers which amounts in practice to federalism.

'No representation without taxation' is the basic slogan of these objectors. The Assembly is to be entirely dependent upon a Whitehall block grant, without revenue-raising powers, which leaves it less sovereign than a local authority. This is a desperately weak point in the Government's plans, but Bruce Millan, Secretary of State for Scotland, and John Smith, in charge of devolution planning under Michael Foot, have been unable to wring any helpful suggestions out of a deeply suspicious Treasury. The first proposal – a right for the Assembly to lay a surcharge on the rates – was a bad joke, and has been dropped. Whitehall still dismisses the idea of a local income tax, canvassed in the Layfield Report. But

the chance that a sub-parliament will tolerate this degree of impotence is remote, even if the SNP do not dominate the Assembly.

Other objections abound: to the schizophrenia of a civil service obliged to serve two masters simultaneously – say, Tory Government at Westminster and a Labour Administration at Edinburgh – or to the residual veto powers over Scottish policies 'with unacceptable repercussions' on the rest of Britain. The Government's spokesmen in Scotland argue bravely that the block grant will in practice allow plenty of elbow-room for choices which they do not in their hearts believe, that the British civil service is mature enough to grow two heads, that fear of friction between parliaments is based on a misunderstanding of how government operates, that they are prepared to accept considerable divergence of Scottish policies from those of the rest of Britain without interfering. But in the intellectual dispute, at least, the supporters of the Bill in Scotland in its present form are isolated.

What about ordinary people, taciturn behind the eager talking heads of those who speak for them on all occasions – the 'repertory company', as they call them here? There seem to be three general propositions about public attitudes to be made:

(1) That the largest single group of opinion wants more than the Government proposes, accepting devolution but seeing little sense in an Assembly which does not control the Scottish economy.

(2) That people see devolution *function-*



ally: not as an end in itself or (a favourite Foot phrase) as a way of 'getting government closer to the people', but as the instrument to treat the plagues which hurt them most: unemployment, inflation, bad housing. This, incidentally, explains why Scots in a poll sample will simultaneously demand devolution and put it far down the list of issues which matter to them.

(3) That support for independence extends confusingly across party lines, so that a large body of SNP voters do not want independence while perhaps a fifth of Labour voters can appear to do so. (The ultra-unionists, who detest all devolution and want things to stay as they are, are also a frontier population inhabiting both Conservative and Labour parties.)

Three conclusions seem to emerge. One is that, while devolution may work more smoothly as an administrative system than the academics prophesy, the Bill misses what is the main point for most Scots: transferring control of Scotland's internal economy to Scotland. Secondly, that constitutional discontent and nationalism in Scotland cannot be silenced simply by 'dishing the SNP': radical rejection of the political structure of the United Kingdom goes wider and deeper. Third, that the miserable economic background to the 'battle of the Bill' is going to be important: public expenditure cuts are already affecting working-class lives and demoralising growing sections of white-collar employees and the student young. One consequence is the hardening hostility of the far Left to 'irrelevant' devolution, when the battle against the cuts should have priority. Another, numerically more significant, is to reinforce fears that no foreseeable British regime has the capacity to stop the rot.

It is a fair guess that, if the Bill finally stumbles into law next year, it will not be quite the same as the text published on Tuesday. One amendment which may be forced into it could be for proportional representation at Assembly elections, if a coalition of the Lords, the Tories, the Liberals and the Nationalists can prevail. Labour should certainly be shuddering over the Quebec election results, where a nationalist party – many of whose supporters shy off independence, as in the SNP – made it from six to 70 seats and an absolute majority on 41 per cent of the vote, by courtesy of the first-past-the-post system.

A referendum on the Bill, probably offering the independence option, now seems likely. But the SNP are looking forward to it. If their unrivalled campaigning machine can jack up the independence vote from about 20 per cent at present to nearer 30 per cent, they will claim a moral victory. And they have now seen what a deadly weapon the referendum could be in the hands of an SNP Assembly majority. To questions like 'Should the Assembly control trade and industry?', or 'Should the Assembly be sovereign in the devolved areas?' the Scottish popular answer would be in little doubt.

In all this, how is Labour doing in Scotland? Badly, on the surface. The SNP are still eating into the party's working-class support. Derision still greets Labour's regular, cuckoo-clock announcements that a

share of oil revenue or a strong 'Scottish pound' would reduce Scotland to 'an industrial desert'. But there are also signs of recovery. The gruesome decay of membership and finances, which was so apparent last year, is slowly responding to treatment. And the party itself, which had to be dragged whining into the devolution commitment by Transport House in 1974-5, is making itself at home there. The Scottish Executive now boldly says that it 'expects' the Government to give the Assembly revenue-raising powers. The Labour anti-Devolution backlash in the Commons, once fervently admired by Scottish MPs, is beginning to be seen as an 'English' inter-

ference. 'What does this guy Moonman think he knows about Scotland?' asked a politician who two years ago regarded devolution as a fascist fantasy.

This is a trend, 'only now beginning, which is worth watching carefully. If the Bill gets through, and if Labour isn't massacred out of recognition by the SNP at the next elections (two large if's), the party which had devolution forced upon it may come to believe that it invented the Scottish Assembly and that its mission is to increase the Assembly's powers, if necessary in the teeth of Westminster's opposition. It would be a lovely irony of history. The SNP dread it.

Alexander Cockburn

The Observer's Oil Deal

What with the *Observer* now appearing as a relatively minor item on the public relations budget of an American oil company and the *New York Post* in the grasp of an Australian whose publishing career began in Adelaide, it has been – in the idiom of forward-looking businessmen – a big week for the abolition of the old national boundaries. (One could even mention here as a sort of ironic addendum the fact that last Monday the famed investigative columnist Jack Anderson had hastily to abandon, in some embarrassment, his executive role in a Washington bank, exposed in the local press as being under the control of the ubiquitous South Koreans.)

Only last Saturday Rupert Murdoch, discussing his acquisition at a cost of \$32.5m. of the oldest newspaper in the United States, remarked to me that he thought he might be thwarted at the last moment in his bid for the *Observer*. He mentioned 'a mystery buyer'. It now seems likely that Murdoch had received tidings of the visit of David Astor and an attendant to the Los Angeles lair of Robert O. Anderson, chairman and chief executive officer of Atlantic Richfield. I hope, incidentally, that Astor himself describes the trip one day. The lift in Anderson's building is monitored by TV and microphones and supervised by armed guards. Anderson himself is so fearful of terrorist assault that he only arrives by helicopter. He may find union negotiations in London an odd experience.

Murdoch, at long last requited in his search for a major American newspaper (albeit in this case a flagging afternoon publication) confessed that he really did want to 'have a crack' at the *Observer*, despite the tremendous sums of money he estimated such a crack would involve. Nonetheless on Tuesday evening, when I sought his reaction to Astor's defiant plunge into an oil well, he professed relief, avowing that he could now concentrate all his energies on reviving the *New York Post* and making it and himself a major force in local journalism.

The *New York Post* has long been a somewhat crumbling bastion of respectable

liberalism in this city. It has been owned by the redoubtable Dorothy Schiff, legatee of a famous 19th-century merchant-banking fortune. It has been high on opinion, low on news. Journalistic forays beyond the town boundaries have been more or less forbidden in recent, penny-pinching years. Its staff has reacted with nervous, slightly desperate optimism to the prospect of the impending descent on their newsroom.

Criss-crossing in mid-Atlantic, as it were, with Murdoch is Atlantic Richfield (or Arco for short), now holding 90 per cent of the *Observer's* stock and talking virtuously about preserving the old thing's editorial independence. When in doubt about a sheikh, turn to an American oilman, particularly one like Robert Anderson, who has so often been described as 'forward looking' that it is surprising that he has time for the 20th century at all.

Anderson is the son of a Chicago banker. He struck oil in New Mexico in the 1930s and now has an immense personal fortune. He is the largest private landholder in New Mexico, a very powerful force in that state and less visibly in national Republican politics (non-Nixonian, naturally). He has a sumptuous ranch there and spends a truly prodigious amount of time in private aeroplanes, jetting about his corporate domain.

His company, the eighth largest oil-enterprise in the US, is conspicuous for having few foreign crude resources – just a little in Iran and Indonesia. Its main supplies of oil come from the South West of the US and from Alaska. Arco was a prime force in the construction of the Alaska pipeline and stands to profit enormously from exploitation of the north slope. Its purchase of Anaconda (the world's largest copper company) is still being disputed in the courts. The company is also diversified into coal and uranium and is developing mass transit systems and even electric cars. Crude spirits in New York and Washington also suggest ambitions in the North Sea – a sort of sarcastic echo of Murdoch's remark to me that Times Newspapers will soon merely be figleaves for Thomson's £50m. a year net profits from the North Sea.

One thing is certain. If Arco does suddenly make a dash for the North Sea it will do so clothed in that unguent corporate idiom evidenced in that high-minded statement about the purchase of the *Observer*. More than ever before, most US oil companies have become immensely zealous in propaganda and PR. Endless advertisements appear in the newspapers and on television preaching their selfless zeal.

Arco has been particularly conspicuous for high-grade PR. It actually assailed the oil depletion allowance – a posture well beyond the capabilities of giants such as Exxon. And now, whereas the major companies have always determinedly steered clear of actually owning, as opposed to advertising in, the means of communication, Arco has once again, with sublime assurance, showed the way and bought itself a newspaper. The stockholders, confronted with the consequent minute entry on the annual report, will no doubt accept the venture as an appropriate response by their company, eager to diversify and accommodate itself to these troubled times.

Instrumental in the whole sublime engagement have been officials of the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies. The Aspen Institute, snuggled in the mountains of Colorado, was originally founded by a businessman called Walter Paepcke as a sort of Salzburg in the Rockies where brute capitalists could learn to appreciate culture.

Since Robert O. Anderson became a trustee and leading donor a few years ago it has widened in ambit, becoming a *lieu-de-rencontre* (or, if you like, a *para-Bilderberg*) for intellectuals and academics – usually a Congress for Cultural Freedom stripe – willing and eager to lecture forward-looking businessmen on Plato, ethics in the modern world, the role of communications and other such perennial foundation-grant topics. In short a magic mountain, rising midway between the boardroom, the campus and, some would say, the CIA.

Last year Aspen officials, with Robert Anderson in attendance, set off for Persepolis to hold a splendid colloquy about Iran. It was in fact hoped, according to one Aspenard functionary, that the Shah's sister would stump up vast sums to underwrite further worthy projects by the magic mountaineers. The mission failed, but it appears the crusading, internationalist flame was unquenched. It was seemingly at Aspen – significantly a haunt of Roy Jenkins – that David Astor first encountered Anderson and his corporate-intellectual operation. It was Douglass Cater – formerly of the *Reporter* magazine and later of LBJ's White House – who, after dining with Kenneth Harris, reported back to Anderson from London less than two weeks ago that the *Observer* needed rescuing from a vulgar takeover.

So the *Observer* now becomes part of a forward-looking corporate rescue project, roughly on the same level as seals, or an Egyptian temple menaced by the Aswan Dam. It's ironic to think of it, cosseted by oil executives and international press bureaucrats ever mindful of a 'balanced attitude' toward such things as corporations, while the Dirty Digger prepares to play Tamburlaine in New York.

New York

Christopher Hitchens

For Reasons of State

The late J. Edgar Hoover remarked that once you suspected somebody of being a communist agent, everything he did tended to reinforce the suspicion. My friend Philip Agee is in the sort of position Hoover outlined (and so is my nodding acquaintance Mark Hosenball). If Philip fails to liaise with the Communist Party while living in this country, it is supposed that he is too clever to be so obvious. Nobody can seriously believe that one needs to go to Moscow to see the KGB but, if he goes to Russia to negotiate publication of his book (and to research a possible article on Kim Philby, both efforts unsuccessful) it is obvious to some people that 'he would, wouldn't he?'. Usually the same people say or suggest both things. There is no argument with this dialectic, or with a Home Office which assures people summarily deported that they have the right to make 'representations' – it wouldn't be British without representations – but no right to hear the charge, no right to appeal, and no right to be represented by a lawyer. Even those worthies, like Sir Derek Percy Hilton, once of Special Operations Executive and now a director of the Abbey National Building Society, who are to hear the 'representations', have absolutely no power to enforce any recommendation upon the Home Secretary.

If Merlyn Rees prefers to keep the whole discussion speculative by refusing to bring charges, he can hardly complain if people speculate that the Home Office bureaucrats waited for Jenkins to leave before laying the file before a man they saw as pliable and weak. The security services can hardly

complain if they are spoken of as being in the pockets of their senior American partners. And the CIA can hardly complain if people surmise that the interregnum between Ford and Carter is being exploited – just in case the new President keeps his promise to limit the secret and lawless conduct of his intelligence networks. The arrival of a new CIA station chief in London, and off-the-record remarks by more senior figures, lend some currency to this interpretation. Whether a Labour government should lend itself to such a business is another matter. (Of course, there are squeals of applause from the 'personal liberty' Tories.)

Like anyone else who became friendly with Agee over the last few years, I considered the possibility that he was too good to be true. Apart from the fact that he is personally very convincing, there are excellent empirical reasons for taking his word for it. First, his cover is totally and irretrievably blown, and he is under keen and continuous scrutiny. As an agent for a foreign power – and he has no professed illusions about the Russians – he would be useless. His skills are devoted entirely to exposing the crimes of his former employers – crimes which they have admitted or had to admit before a House Committee, a Senate Committee, the Murphy Commission and the Rockefeller Commission in the very recent past.

'Massive abridgements of the rights of American citizens' said the Senate committee in its conclusions on CIA use of biological and chemical agents. 'Unethical' was the euphemism most often employed to describe such things as the eight plots to kill Fidel Castro, the millions spent on toppling Allende, the generous handouts to Italian neo-Fascists, and the activities of the Agency in Guatemala in 1954. Philip Agee and Mark Hosenball wrote about the identity and activities of these 'Quiet Americans' as a matter of record, and to try to prevent any repetition. In the United States, they would not have had so much difficulty getting or publishing the information. But here they are met with a ukase of deportation, and character assassination in the Commons. A fine day's work.

There are, of course, always people who think that 'security' is its own justification. The tide of bitter scepticism that swept America on this point has not penetrated here, though we might have been spared many a fiasco from Suez to Blue Streak if it had. But not many people can swallow punishment without trial (Agee for instance has a Brazilian wife who fled her country after undergoing torture and imprisonment there), meted out to a non-conformist reporter and a political exile *who has no charges laid against him in his own country*. Does one get put on some grubby list for writing this? It looks like the only respectable place to be.

WHY SHOULD WE GIVE
A TRIAL TO THOSE WHO
THREATEN OUR DEMOCRATIC
FREEDOMS



Malcolm Reid

Quebec Libre?

A separatist government in Quebec? The birth of a new nation in the offing, not in black Africa but in neon-lit North America? That was the surprising result of Quebec's provincial election last week, surprising even to those who have been fighting for Quebec independence for 15 years.

Before 1960 Quebec had a prehistory of Roman Catholic traditionalism. Neither the coming of industry early in the century, nor the Great Depression of the Thirties, brought left-wing ideas in serious quantity to French Canada. Communism and social democracy have occasionally had bases in Montreal, but always in the English-speaking or immigrant districts, never in the French-Canadian working class. That class is the fundamental one in Quebec. It is an urban society clustered along the St Lawrence now, but even its trade union tradition was weak until the second world war. 1949 was the key date. That year the miners who bring the asbestos out of the ground – Quebec has more of that necessary mineral than any other place in the capitalist world – went on strike against the US multinationals which employ them. The right-wing provincial government sent police against them, and an indigenous militancy was born.

The intellectual thaw was still ten years away. French Quebec continued to be the despair of the Canadian Left. It was an internal nation of low-wage workers living in brick housing with outdoor staircases, on the fringes of the entirely English-Canadian and American-owned industries they worked for. They had no industrial bourgeoisie, and only a thin white-collar upper class, furnishing politicians and artists in a nostalgic vein. Everything seemed right for revolt against capitalism. Yet socialist revolt did not come.

In Quebec the working-class anger that elsewhere went into socialism simply found its way into a religious-tinged nationalism. The cry for Quebec independence went up in hard times, though always in right-wing accents, with Mussolini and Salazar as models, and Maurice Duplessis of the Union Nationale – known patronisingly as 'the king of the blacks' – as its local incarnation.

Then in 1960 – no sociologist has told us precisely why – this old national consciousness suddenly linked up with the Left. The Church lost its grip, the birth rate plunged, anti-communism sagged. Into the minds of young Québécois rushed progressive utopias from France, Servan-Schreiber to Frantz Fanon. Some bases for this are visible. The government of Premier Jean Lesage reformed the school system, and now it was turning out workers' sons and daughters with technical and social science diplomas. When the new ministries and the corporate skyscrapers opened to them, they often felt drawn to a reformist separatism that promised even more territory for them to

govern. When they were excluded from such power, or when it was the trade unions which drew them, it was often Fanon and Althusser, anti-colonialism and socialism, which made more sense. This has given rise to two things. One is a broad nationalist Left, with Michel Chartrand, crustiest of the old Catholic trade-union leaders of the asbestos-strike period, as its symbol. The other is the terrorism which has come in sporadic waves (like the one in 1970 which kidnapped British Trade Commissioner James Cross).

The unrest also prompted English Canada to call on one of the intellectual leaders of that part of reformist Quebec which rejects nationalism to take over as Federal Prime Minister. Pierre Trudeau has had to rule through the Liberals, the great patchers-up of French-English differences through Canadian history. His main response to the independence movement – recognition of French rights all across the country – has already started to irritate the Anglo-Saxons who called on him.

The independence movement in Quebec fits the land it has grown in. It is a national liberation movement, but a moderate one, a social-democratic one. It is called the Parti Québécois. It even cast out some of its more Leftist elements at its last convention, where it toned down its independence demand to the extent of promising that the people will be able to speak on the issue in a referendum. This put its leader, the 54-

year-old television journalist René Lévesque, in an odd position. He had to campaign like any other moderate-Left opposition leader, denouncing corruption in the regime and promising more social welfare and more expansive economics. But at the same time he had to suggest that none of this could be done properly until he is operating in a situation of Quebec sovereignty which his electorate may never concede him. The provincial Liberal government, naturally, did not play it this way. On its posters its leader, Robert Bourassa, a young mild progressive in this party of big business, proclaimed 'No to the separatists'.

The end of the campaign found me in Ottawa, rather than in my home town of Quebec City. In Hull, the town across the river from Ottawa, I met a good deal of stolid belief that things would go on as before. 'Think of all those civil servants,' sighed a lawyer, and a grocer told me: 'Frankly, my dear sir, they'll vote to keep their jobs'. But the desire for change, even in this paper-mill town next door to federal power, was there. It was associated with the independence party, which is the only left-wing organisation ever to put down roots everywhere in this old French soil.

On the odd working-class house on these working-class streets, you could see the blue poster of the well-groomed young woman who was the Parti Québécois candidate. In the corner store, the man behind the counter at first shied away from showing his colours. Then he contemplated a headline about Bourassa admitting the PQ challenge was a tough one. And he ventured an opinion: '*Il va prendre une débarque, lui*,' he said. *Débarque*, in that lovely Quebec language which is called *joual*, means a fall, usually deserved.

Ottawa

Patrick Wintour

Stalking Sandelson

Between 1966 and 1970 members of the Labour Party left in droves, disillusioned with their government; but this time round, so the thesis goes, the Left are staying to fight, using their strength in the constituencies to support the parliamentary Left, the weak link in the socialist chain. One victim of this new persistence is the former treasurer of the Manifesto Group, Neville Sandelson, who by the time that this article is published will know exactly how serious his constituency is in its desire to throw him out as their MP. For on Wednesday night, the General Management Committee of Hayes will have voted on last month's 15-7 recommendation of the constituency Executive Committee that Sandelson's future should be put to a final vote at a special GMC convened for this purpose. Sandelson has described the affair as 'a comedy of errors and a farce'. A local journalist more prosaically regarded Sandelson as privately 'scared as shit'. The Campaign for Constituency Democracy (to

which Hayes is affiliated along with 70 other constituencies) argue that the procedure entailed in turning a sitting Member out is excessively cumbersome. The offending clause of the party rulebook is No 14 section 4 whereby the normal procedure for selection is waived for sitting members, so forcing a disgruntled rank and file off on the wearying path of Branch, EC, GMC and Special GMC motions. Understandably, other plotting constituency parties and nervous MPs have been keeping a cocked ear out for news from Hayes.

The generally relevant arguments about the responsibilities of an MP and constituency democracy, either as a concept or as a socialist tactic, lose much of their clarity but only a little of their importance once transposed to Sandelson's stamping ground. Talking to the battle's participants, innocent of its minutiae, is rather like being parachuted into a climactic family quarrel and then trying to unravel a simple chronology from a maze of paranoia

and oblique references. It does not help that the party have made a half-kept pact to retain a festering silence until it's over. The dispute has rolled on now for five years, well before Newham hit the front pages, and all sides want it finally settled.

Inhabited largely by a prosperous and well organised working class, Hayes is an industrial area littered by mock Tudor, playing fields, technical colleges and RAF stations that look like technical colleges. It has suffered comparatively little unemployment at least until Walls's recent disclosure that they were shutting down their factory, so causing 600 redundancies including that of Ted Harris, president of the local Labour Party and senior steward of the factory. Sandelson had dined with the directors only three weeks before their announcement but did not get hold of any advance warning. Perhaps talk of redundancies is not for the dinner table.

Until the affair is settled, membership is frozen, but neither the secretary nor Sandelson know exactly how many members there are, except that it is around 700. But no one doubts the radical traditions of the party; it must be one of the few constituencies that has contemplated ejecting two consecutive MPs. In 1955 the previous member Arthur Skeffington was threatened when he voted for Bevan's expulsion from the party for his criticism of Attlee's fumbling opposition to the Tory government's Seato policy. Skeffington survived and it was his most implacable opponent Eric Evans who left. 'Ginger' Evans is now secretary of the Hayes EMI branch of the TGWU; with 2,300 members it is the largest trade union branch in West London and possesses a political clout in the GMC since its recent reaffiliation at Transport House bidding.

Sandelson, revealingly, is an old personal and political ally of Skeffington. The plain fact is that Sandelson should never have been given the job and, but for the blundering of the Left at the selection meeting in 1971, he would never have got it over the AUEW candidate. Sandelson openly admits that he faced resistance from the moment that he took up his seat, well before he could have proved a failure as a constituency MP. In 1975 amidst great confusion an attempt was made to bring four years' acrimony to a conclusion. Steve Coventry, a local councillor and a member of the Young Socialists, brought a motion of confidence to the GMC. Ted Harris ruled it out of order on a technicality, much to Sandelson's chagrin since he knew he would win. At the time few outsiders realised that the Right, including a member of YS, were attempting to pre-empt the mounting opposition of the Left by confronting them before they were fully organised.

Sandelson's credentials were not the best. He had tried and failed eight times to be elected; Hayes was by chance where he finally successfully landed, but he has alighted on a local party whose brand of socialism is inimical to his own. Comforted by the faith that the British people are innately conservative, his idealism consists of a resistance to any measures that might smack of totalitarianism. This includes racism (he was in the front line of the big demonstration last Sunday) and

*Christmas is coming
— but relax!*

*This year
give your friends the*

NEW STATESMAN

*A 3-months
Gift Subscription
costs only £1.50
(by air £3)*



Early as it may seem, time's getting on and if you've friends abroad who would appreciate the NEW STATESMAN it's certainly not too soon to order Gift Subscriptions for them. All you have to do is to enter their names and addresses (as many as you like) on the form below and send it to us with the appropriate payment. What could be simpler? No shopping around, no problem of choosing and packing and posting.

To every recipient we send a specially designed card announcing your gift in advance, and whenever possible first copies will be sent in time to arrive by Christmas.

A 3-months Gift Subscription to any address in the world (by surface mail): £1.50.
By air: £3.

Payment may be made by sterling or dollar cheque, by International Money Order, or to our P.O. Giro account 502 1014.
Only one Gift may be sent to any one addressee, who should not already be a regular reader of the NEW STATESMAN. Please let us know if you would like an acknowledgment yourself.

To NEW STATESMAN, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ
I agree to the terms of your Christmas offer and enclose remittance of for
3-months Gift Subscriptions as below.

(Please type or use block letters. If you don't want to cut your copy, or there is not enough space addresses may be written on a separate sheet of paper.)

DONOR'S NAME AND ADDRESS (this MUST be completed):
.....
.....

Gift subscriptions to be addressed to:
1 4
.....
2 5
.....
3 6
.....

(Where appropriate, insert the word AIR before a recipient's address)

'excessive' nationalisation. He was a close friend of King Peter of Yugoslavia; his public utterances are spattered with anti-communist references such as that the Left are trying to 'terrorise Labour MPs' by 'hijacking the plane [the party], sticking a gun at the neck of the pilot [the MP], and directing him to change course for an easterly direction'.

However, he displays no such animosity to capitalist Western Europe and was one of the 70 MPs that voted to join the EEC – a decision that still rankles with the local party, some of whom deny that he had made his position clear on the Community issue. It would be a neat conclusion if, as seems possible, he joined Marquand, Tomney and the Jenkinsite exiles in Brussels. Perhaps Sandelson's greatest indiscretion, which he also denies, was to tell two lobbying Hayes EMI employees that the 'only unemployed in his constituency were the unemployable'. This, combined with his opposition to the Shrewsbury pickets campaign, has soured relations with the Hillingdon Trades Council. Throughout the year he has been trying to patch them up but, after earlier refusals, has only just been allowed to address the 1/90 branch in the second week of December.

One of Sandelson's problems is that he moves on-and-off-the-record with all the speed of a disc jockey's stylus. However good and well-intentioned a constituency MP he has been, his prominent participation in the Save-Prentice Campaign and his accusation in Parliament of left-wing conspiracy was, for a man in his precarious position, martyr-like behaviour. Discretion would have been the better part of valour. Further, he is only fooling himself when he argues that since the personnel of the party has changed since his selection, he need take less heed of the present party's rejection of him. Neither the reaffiliation of the TGWU nor the presence of a government studies undergraduate from Brunel has made the difference Sandelson's supporters claim. The TGWU are not all opposed to Sandelson whilst John McDonnell – the student in question – elected vice-chairman and delegate to Blackpool this year, is popular simply for his ability to articulate an already existing mood.

It is not just a 'Left/Right split', as Ted Harris claims, in the sense that there has indeed been a failure of communication, but nevertheless some of the local party cannot understand why Sandelson did not join the Liberals like his brother and father. Much of the failure in personal relations stems unavoidably from this. In Eric Evans's opinion, he 'uses barrister's talk' and has not absorbed the 'bonhomie of the Hayes Working Men's Club'. Educated at Westminster and Cambridge, nephew of millionaire Harold Lever, his brother Victor a stockbroker and his wife the daughter of a French industrial consultant, Sandelson exudes bonhomie all right – the wrong sort.

But it is not just British class consciousness raising its familiar head; there is also a political argument at the grass roots. The 'party of the working class' has suffered at a national level a bloodless coup executed by the professional classes. In 1918, 92 per cent of Labour MPs came from what sociologists call the manual categories; today

only 25 per cent. Behind the undignified soap opera of Hayes lies a ramshackle national party machine, with the lowest level of participation of any social democratic party in Europe, and in urgent need of reform in

the way it selects its MPs and its leadership. Surveys indicate that there will be a string of Hayes and Newhams if Transport House does not start thinking about the problem soon.

Jeremy Bugler

Windscale's Fuel for Controversy

If Smog-under-the-Moor District Council hatches a plan that involves the compulsory purchase of so much as a potting shed or the open space of a single carport, the Department of the Environment will hold a public inquiry if the owner appeals. It is written thus in the tablets of the law, and only Community Land Act purchases can be excepted. The Department also holds bushels of inquiries every year into contentious plans, from matters as modest as a little road-widening or as futile as the latest scheme for the third London airport. These being facts of life in Marsham Street, it is a little strange that Peter Shore, the Environment Secretary, has cliff-hung on his decision on whether to 'call in' the Windscale plan. Even as we go to press, the last but one day before Shore must tell of his decision or non-decision, no announcement has been made.

After all, British Nuclear Fuel's plan to build one, or is it two plants for reprocessing uranium oxide fuel is costed at between £680 and £900m., and has been blowing up

a storm of petitionary signatures, meetings in public halls, Trafalgar Squares and places. Some see the scheme as a great prospective employer, to be welcomed warmly; others are scared stiff by it. Whether Shore calls in the plan and holds an inquiry, or simply approves it, or says nowt in a kind of dumb permission, or even says that this Windscale plan is *sui generis* and therefore is ideal for the imaginative, flexible, never-used formula of a Planning Inquiry Commission – one broad position remains. The controversy on nuclear plans is increasing and is unlikely to be diminished. Windscale will not be immune to this trend.

A public inquiry, in its best form, can be a means of public education: national understanding of the value of our National Parks was greatly increased by the 1970 Dolgellau public inquiry into Rio Tinto-Zinc's plans for drilling for copper. British Nuclear Fuels Ltd and the trade unions at Windscale have tended to see public discussion of their plans as simply an attempt to block them. But when Tony Benn, Secretary for Energy, called for a national debate about nuclear policy, he did not intend it to be a method of whipping up public choler. On the *Weekend World* programme, he implied he saw it as a way to help the public to make up its mind. If the public, after long debate (nothing gets people thinking like a hot controversy), decides it wants the whole-hog nuclear option, breeder reactors, reprocessing plants, plutonium-on-the-move, then the public may be more understanding of the problems and risks of that option in the future. The great advantage of the Planning Inquiry Commission is that it forgoes the adversary tit-for-tat of normal inquiries or indeed law suits. A panel of wise elders can pursue truth wherever it seeks to find it, and can call any witness it wishes. In the Windscale matter, such a Commission would channel controversy and spread about a little enlightenment.

Just why the public needs to know what the BNFL plan at Windscale implies is neatly contained in the history of one of the first nuclear reprocessing plants, built by Getty Oil under the name of Nuclear Fuel Services, at West Valley, near Buffalo, New York State. The plant ran for six years, closing in 1972, and by the end losing Getty Oil £7.5m. a year. Worse, it had a bad habit of irradiating its workers; during its six-year life there were 14 incidents in which 39 workers inhaled plutonium and fission products. Getty had a bizarre policy to keep within radiation limits: it hired hands for a few days and then fired them.

It is unlikely that the unions at Windscale

Roger Woddis

The Strangeways Connection

When they are in for stirabout
And try to dodge the screws,
I line 'em up and soon sort out
The spades and four-by-twos.
I've formed an active little cell
Of lads who think like me:
The NF badge in my lapel
Is plain for all to see.

The night is long, but I can wait,
I serve the cause in clink:
The Day of Column 88
Is closer than you think.
Meanwhile, to let 'em know who's who
And get me fighting fit,
I give 'em dirty jobs to do
And rough 'em up a bit.

The rules are not for them to bend,
I like to keep things quiet;
But on the whole I recommend
A knuckle-sandwich diet.
The lines are drawn in coloured chalk,
The Front is here to stay;
And Merlyn Rees, for all his talk,
Won't make us go away.

have this kind of work tenure in mind for their new plant, and indeed, BFNL are not Getty. But what happened next at West Valley may be not so easy to dismiss: Getty now want a New York State body and thus the New York taxpayers to take over responsibility for the left-over nuclear wastes at the plant. The waste is high-level stuff, and it may take as long as 30 years to solidify the waste so that it can be disposed of elsewhere. A harassed member of the New York State assembly has commented very recently that New York State, which has a share in the funding of the plant, helped to pioneer commercial reprocessing ('A contract that will come back to haunt us') and will now have to pioneer getting rid of the waste. He added: 'It is ridiculous to be bailing out Getty Oil from a financial mess that should never have happened in the first place.'

In Windscale's case, if the BFNL plant doesn't work, the bailing out of course will be done by the taxpayer. Unfortunately, this is a very real possibility. The most significant thing about commercial reprocessing plants the world over is that none of them have worked. General Electric built a plant at Morris, Illinois, using a novel technology and had lost \$64m. when they gave the outfit up. The Japanese have recently shut down their pilot reprocessing plant at Tokai-Mura. Most relevant of all, none other than British Nuclear Fuels made a muck of a scheme to deal with the early stages of oxide fuel reprocessing. The plant, known as 'Head-End', was closed down in 1973 when

matters got a little out of control, the hot residues so hot, as Christopher Robin might have put it, that gases escaped and 35 workers were irradiated. The plant has not been reopened.

For all BFNL's techno-confidence, then, the technology is extremely complicated and may be too much for the company. We may be setting out to make a Concorde that won't even fly, which will be very galling. More than that, we may be a little out of date. International nuclear politics may well be seen to have changed since the small hours of 3 November when Missouri plumped for Carter. The President-elect's Administration is likely to be much less enthusiastic for nuclear power than Ford's. Jimmy Carter has said he's concerned at the way nuclear fuel is getting shipped about the world, at the way India (that misused Canadian-supplied fuel to make and explode an A-bomb in 1974) is getting enriched uranium fuel for its Tarapur power station from the United States.

Carter has called for a halt to US fuel reprocessing 'until the need for, the economics, and the safety of this technology is clearly demonstrated'. He also wants a moratorium on the sale of reprocessing plants, a call to apply retrospectively to deals between West Germany and Brazil and France-Pakistan. His fear, of course, is that plutonium from the reprocessing plants can be used to make nuclear weapons. In theory at least, when and if Windscale manages to reprocess the Japanese nuclear waste for which it is being designed, the plutonium

will be shipped back to Japan. Other nations which may send in their waste should also get plutonium back.

The pre-election pledge from Carter is to develop alternative energy sources. Whether this promise survives the hurly-burly of political reality is a moot point, but if it does, the United States could both establish and build up a lead in the sale of alternative energy technology, a business that may be both profitable and desirable throughout the world. Meanwhile, Britain may be huffing and puffing with her reprocessing, with that flair for backing losers that our nuclear scientists have displayed so well.

In the end, though, the social costs of going quickly ahead with the Windscale plan may be higher than the economic. Many serious people are now gravely alarmed at our nuclear future, at these plans for relying upon a fuel whose half life, as Robin Cook points out (NS 19 November) is seven times longer than Stonehenge is old. One senses a kind of controlled desperation in the protests so far. Denied the forum for rational pleading, some people may take protest beyond the orderly meeting in Trafalgar Square. Already in West Germany, this is happening; only 12 days ago, 230 people were hurt, some seriously, when police and demonstrators clashed at the site of a nuclear power station at Brokdorf, north-west of Hamburg. In other demos, protesters have occupied sites for months, living in tents. Do we in Britain want the sort of protest that may make Red Lion Square look like a Support-Your-Local-Police outing?

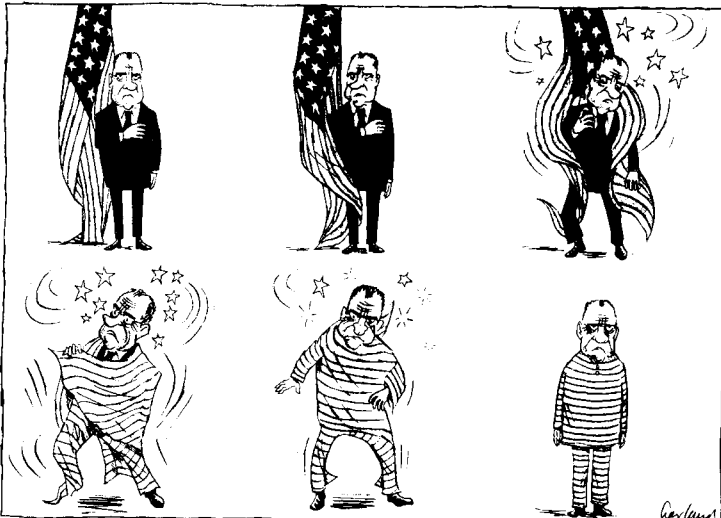
A SELECTION OF GARLAND

A wallet of ten prints of Garland's cartoons from the New Statesman

So many of our readers have expressed their appreciation of Garland's cartoons that we have decided to issue a collection of ten prints representative of his work for the New Statesman over the past three years.

The cartoons have been selected as outstanding examples not only of Garland's skill as draughtsman but also of the wit and perception which he brings to the passing political scene.

Together they form a unique gallery of the personalities, notable and notorious, of the day.



The cartoons are printed on high quality paper, size 8½" x 12½", and each set comes in an attractive wallet and costs only £2, post free in the UK.*

Why not give Garland collections for Christmas this year? This handsome edition is available now, so send us your order without delay to be sure of getting your copies in good time.

*To addresses abroad the prices are £2.50 by surface mail and £3.50 by air.

Send your order with remittance to
TURNSTILE PRESS LTD
 10 Great Turnstile
 London WC1V 7HJ

Profile: Norman St John-Stevas

The Member for Privilege

Who once described himself as 'a cross between Cardinal Manning and David Bowie'? Who, though reputedly on one occasion reprimanded by Princess Margaret for wearing papal (or was it papal-looking?) decorations, has reserved himself a place in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, and on aesthetic grounds at that? Who, indeed, recently called for a large increase in public spending – on the arts? The game is up. It must have been Norman St John-Stevas all along. And yet, although his smooth performances on the small screen have given him something of the public image of the dilettante, he has always been both ambitious and hard-working. Early experience may have convinced him that it was better not to seem too pushy – most of his contemporaries agree that he would have been president of both Cambridge and Oxford Unions if he had not announced on his arrival in Oxford that that was what he wanted to be – but pushy he certainly is, in a quiet way. He tried for so many Conservative seats without success that Iain Macleod once cruelly said 'Poor old Norman, always the bridesmaid, never the bride.' He was lucky, however, with Orpington, which nearly selected him to take the frightful pasting from Eric Lubbock's revival and thus saved him from what might have been oblivion. And he was lucky with television, whose impresarios could recognise a wit in those days and gave prime time to it.

The man's an unreconstructed Tory, of course. In his chosen special field of education he has not so much drifted with the rightward tide as actually encouraged it. His automatic response to the issue of privilege is to say that it is better that somebody has it than nobody. He was the second member of the shadow cabinet to declare for Margaret Thatcher and the third to congratulate her. Like his hero Walter Bagehot (he is the foremost scholar on the subject) who commended Béranger and Horace thus: 'Both enjoy the roll of wheels; both love the glitter of the carriages: neither is angry at the sun', he has no patience with the boring old 'politics of envy' which he sees as socialism.

The sort of Labour figure he admires, or admits to liking, is to be found predictably in the middle-ground cluster around Roy Jenkins and (latterly) Shirley Williams. Recently in the House he congratulated her on being the third Education Minister appointed to shadow him. When she sweetly replied that nobody could shadow the sun, he was vastly pleased. He likes the courtesies all right. 'Civilised and agreeable', did anybody say? Quite so. Yet, like many such people, he is surrounded by an aura of doubt as to what he stands for. There are no ruling passions which have ever set him at odds with his leadership, and he still refers to Heath, disconcertingly, as 'Teddy'. When he was attacked by his former colleague, William van Straubenzee, for concentrating over-

much on the more fortunate schools, he was unmoved. Now that he is being pushed from the Right by Rhodes Boyson, who fears a retreat from fearsome Tory principles, he is equally unruffled. He handled the Tameside case smoothly enough, though without any discernible fire. Straubenzee refers to him as 'The Pope'. He calls Straubenzee (a devout and active Anglican) 'The Bishop'. It is all jolly enough.

There was one revolt, of course, and that was over the grotesque imposition of museum charges by the last Conservative Administration. Stevas has always been an excellent publicist, and his chosen cause of the arts has done correspondingly well even

in a party as philistine as the Tories. But, again, this does not leave any lasting impression of a burning commitment. There was a time when home affairs might have given scope to his humane instincts and his social broad-mindedness, but he readily admits that today is not the Liberal Hour. From now on that side of the Tory psyche is going to revert to the pro-gallows and anti-black element, and Stevas does not relish Whitelaw's responsibility for tempering this wind. Nor, as somebody who was not exactly popular with the civil servants in Curzon Street, could he expect to go down very well with the shellbacks of the Home Office.

It is not clear whether or not he enjoys his reputation for being slightly languid. The overtones of superficiality (always alluded to by his enemies) are certainly not congenial to him in the least. But he probably enjoys being thought effortless, though effortlessly what is another matter. He has more than one trade at his fingers after all – a moderate success as an academic lawyer;



a certain reputation as one of the late Lord Crowther's bright young men at the *Economist*; a good following for his scripture-studded appearances on *Any Questions* and other places where they sing. But with the image of the cultivated man there often goes – in these rude levelling days – the suggestion of the snob. His father's name was Stevas, his mother's Kitty St John O'Connor. Where, for a start, did he get his name? Was it, as some say, his own idea? And why did he think it suited him? Nobody should be grudging a taste for affection, but it certainly gives his rivals a handle for criticism. He would prefer the title 'elitist' to that of snob (as who would not?) but would not deny a certain disdain for the whole argument and the feverish democratic promptings which inspire it.

As a devout Roman Catholic, he is given chances to show his apartness in other ways. It puts him at an angle to the general English mainstream, but as a liberal (at least in the religious context) he also finds himself at limited odds with his own Church. To the viewers who saw him describe a splendidly brave shirt as being 'the colour of crushed Cardinal', here was a dandified man with a more rarified faith than their own. Yet if asked, he would favour a married Pope, even a woman Pope, and a non-celibate priesthood. He founded a group called 'New Bearings', which deals with the many and various problems of priests and nuns exhausted by their vows. This charity, which must be a constant source of reminder about human frailty, is financed not by any humble offertory but by the royalties from Cardinal Heenan's autobiography. Stevas himself is perched on the Jacob's ladder between the dead eminence and the poor victims of the world, the flesh and the devil.

To Bagehot's sad reflection that it is an open question whether human benevolence does more good than harm, Stevas might have to reply that human benevolence – and especially Christian charity – was a necessary and admirable thing, but that meddling and do-gooding on the political scale were not. He is an apostle of *laissez-faire* in the philosophic sense of the phrase; there is nothing of the crusader about him and very little of the zealous reformer either. He dislikes intolerance, but suspects the eager beaver interventionist as well. It is this which invests his reputation with a certain ambiguity. Obscure he is not – of all Mrs Thatcher's lame little team he is easily one of the most recognisable in both the public and political worlds – but he does rather make people ask 'What is that man for?'

In the House of Commons he generally acquits himself well, and still likes to debate in the universities as well. As a platform speaker he is not so accomplished, and has yet to wow a conference *à la* Heseltine. Criticism is not something that he welcomes over warmly. When last year, apropos a speech in the House on matters educational, Sir Geoffrey Howe approached him in the lobby and said 'I don't think that was quite shadow cabinet policy', Stevas told him to get lost. As a constituency man, he is not reproached for anything except – inevitably – a certain aloofness. But he is tougher than he looks, and if compared

to an exact contemporary like, say, Humphry Berkeley, there is no denying that he has been determined and persistent in the pursuit of political success.

He manages to live in sumptuous style, though the register of MPs interests records nothing except journalism as an alternative source of income. A Gothic conservatory is being designed for his new house in Montpelier Square, which already features the famous pair of Queen Victoria's stockings and the portraits of Popes in the loo.

The story goes that Sir Alec Douglas-Home came to speak for Stevas in Chelmsford during the course of the 1964 election. After the meeting, a reporter from a national paper asked Stevas why the Prime Minister had come. 'He has come', replied the not-yet-elected-for-the-first-time Stevas 'because he wants to meet the members of his new cabinet'.

Twelve years later, a cabinet post does seem to be within his reach at last. If his fortunes may be said to depend on a Thatcher victory, it is unlikely that she will

forget one of her earliest and most devoted supporters. He may be allocated a key role in turning back the national clock, and if he is he will provide one of the most absorbing studies of the next government. A chance at last to confound his critics and display a capacity for ruthless ministerial ability. With Dr Rhodes Boyson newly appointed to breathe fire down his neck as a 'shadow', Stevas may not find the new order of hard-faced unlovely Toryism entirely to his taste. The regime may well answer the description once given by Bagehot of a dinner in his honour as 'a really fine collection of public animals'. So far, we have known him as a Catholic, with a catholic range of interests, a scholarly cast of mind, a certain diffidence about political hurly-burly, a talent to amuse and a big hand in the drafting of the Obscene Publications Act. Stevas the man of collective responsibility in a Thatcher Administration looks like being something else again. But to be a pearl among such swine will assuredly have its moments.

Jeremy Bentham

A Hanging Question

The death penalty for murder is once more a live issue. And not just in the United States where Gary Gilmore's attempted suicide in Utah State Prison may still not prevent the first execution for a decade. The Republic of Ireland is also for the first time in 20 years dangling death (this time in the shape of the noose) in front of a Dublin couple, the Murrays.

In Utah the inhumanity of judicial homicide is compounded by the macabre spectacle of citizens queuing up as paid volunteers (for the not insubstantial fee of \$175 each) to join the firing squad of five who will be detailed off to dispatch Gary Gilmore to his own prematurely-attempted death. But then the unseemly and ghoulish features that accompany any execution have always added to the case for dispensing with a penal sanction that is antipathetic to any civilised system of justice as well as being an unproved (and probably unprovable) deterrent.

On this side of the Atlantic the argument has rumbled on ever since capital punishment for murder was abolished, experimentally, in 1965 and finally in 1969. The spate of terrorist killings in Britain over the last three years has fed the ardour of the restorationists (as the proponents of capital punishment should now be dubbed). But the argument against executing *political* murderers is if anything stronger than in other cases; reprisals by the state would serve merely to exacerbate an already sufficiently intractable problem. As the present Home Secretary knows better than anyone from his long stint as Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, the death penalty would be a hindrance rather than a help towards restoring sanity to the six counties.

South of the border the debate is not just academic. For the first time in 20 years the public hangman stands perilously close to coming out of retirement. In 1964 the Dail retained the death penalty only for the murder of law enforcement officers acting in the execution of their duties. Hence the paucity of candidates for the gallows. The Murrays were a trifle unlucky. Making their getaway from a bank robbery with £7,000 they were seen driving away erratically by a Garda out shopping with his wife and children. Challenged by the officer, who was in mufti, Mrs Murray shot him dead.

The Murrays were tried by the Special Criminal Court without a jury, convicted and sentenced to death. Many Irish lawyers are not slow to say that the trial was anything but satisfactory. The Murrays appealed to the Appeal Court, which peremptorily dismissed their appeal. It has been left to the Supreme Court to bring some semblance of legalism to the problem. It is almost certain to rule that the victim could not be said to have been a policeman acting in the course of duty when the assailants had no actual or constructive knowledge that he was a policeman. But if the courts get the Irish government off the hook – the prerogative of mercy is a decision for the cabinet and not the President – the campaign against the death penalty should not be allowed to die. Already the recently established Irish Council of Civil Liberties – to say nothing of the Irish Labour Party at its conference last weekend – have come out flatly against the use of the death penalty in any circumstances. Another country will, one hopes, soon consign its hangman's noose to the chamber of horrors where it belongs.

Bernard Croft

Walking for Goodness' Sake

'I have had only one doctor's bill in my life, and that was for half-a-crown,' wrote Canon A. N. Cooper, Vicar of Filey at the turn of the century. It was for a medical certificate when he entered the Civil Service. 'It said I was perfectly well.' During ten years of secular employment before ordination, he never took a dose of medicine or was absent from the office on account of illness.

He became Vicar of Filey in 1880, having served his first curacy at Chester-le-Street, where his normal Sunday programme was: Early Service at 8; then breakfast and a walk of two miles with his dinner in his pocket to a pit village, where he took a service at 10.30. After that he made his way to the fell and ate his packed meal. At one o'clock he held Sunday School, and then walked three miles to another village for another Sunday School and service. Then came tea with a local farmer, and another three-mile walk home to take evening service in the parish church.

At Filey, he walked everywhere. A woman in the furthest house of the coastal resort parish had a child every year which was not deemed likely to live (I am preserving his phraseology) so a succession of private baptisms was called for, each entailing a walk of eight miles. When visitors asked him for the name of the local doctors and where they lived, he would reply, 'I will gladly tell you the names of the doctors and where they live; but I have never spoken to one professionally since I came here.'

He walked to any preaching engagements around the East Riding (and beyond – e.g. to Goole), to borrow books from the only scholar with a library, who lived several miles away; and one evening he set out to walk to London. He did it in six days, staying nights at Langtoft Vicarage, at The Angel Hotel in Brigg, in hotels at Grantham, Peterborough, St Neot's and Hatfield. He

was at the Bank of England before it closed on the Saturday at 2 o'clock, dined with friends in Town – and caught the midnight train back.

His walk to Rome was a five-week trek; as were most of his foreign tramps. He allowed himself ten shillings a day for living expenses and carried the fare for the return journey by train. English sovereigns were acceptable everywhere abroad – except in the remoter parts of Sweden. This, he remarks, showed that here was a country outside civilisation. And very rarely was he asked to produce his passport.

Wherever he went (and he walked to Venice, Monte Carlo, across Ireland, to the Pyrenees, to Vienna, and across Portugal) he drank the wine of the country and was broad-minded enough to attend Sunday service in Roman Catholic churches across the Channel. At Nantes, on a pilgrimage to Lourdes, he fell in with a doctor 'whom I took to be an Englishman because he drank beer'. The medical man, in turn, thought Cooper to be a vegetarian; 'because I had such a good colour'. The doctor confided that wine was not good for the system, and the parson declared that he owed his complexion to the fact that he never smoked.

In the chapter, 'How I walked to Venice', in *The Tramps of a Walking Parson*, (published by The Walter Scott Publishing Co. Ltd., in 1905 – the copy I have of this came from one of my parishioners who remembers him) he writes: 'Once we were a nation of walkers. Money was scarce, and a man with a holiday before him could think of no cheaper way of spending it. Coach fares were high, and a man with business at a town 40 or 50 miles away would walk there. Poor people could only perform long journeys on foot; and we hear of hundreds of miles being traversed, even by women, to bring them to the death-bed of someone dear to them. Poor students of Oxford and Cambridge walked to their colleges till railways had taught them that the expenditure of time in such primitive locomotion was worth more than the fare charged.

'At the present time' (he goes on) 'with all the wish in the world to become walkers, men with a living to get cannot afford the time. Even on their holidays, the spirit of the age, which tries to crowd as much as possible into a fortnight or a month, is against such slow and measured movement as walking. Moreover, the artificial life we lead has made us unable to risk the consequences of a drenching, or else sore feet put us out of love with exercise. And if a man be set upon walking himself he finds it impossible to find a companion of like mind. The passion for cycling has not only brought the love of getting quickly over the ground, but it is said also to have relaxed the muscles needed for walking. So it has come about that the roads are left to tramps, with an occasional man in search of work, and a still more occasional individual

like myself walking because he likes it.'

On the walk to Venice he had arranged for a fresh pair of shoes to be waiting for him at Lindau. 'But I still had my old ones, which had carried me more than 400 miles, and never given me a blister, or a corn, or anything disagreeable.' And at the back of one of his Victorian volumes there is an advertisement for a still well-known brand of boots and shoes – 'as worn exclusively by the author of *Tales of my Tramps*' – with illustrations of an Oxford shoe and a lace-boot; each from 16s 9d, black or brown.

The total number of miles on this tramp was 653, and he took the whole of October doing it. As often as possible he rested on the Sabbath Day, 'according to the Commandment'. Excluding Sundays this works out at 27 days; an average of a little over 24 miles per day. His longest day's walk on the way to Venice was from Lindau (in those new shoes?) to Bludenz; 39 miles. And the shortest, from Vicenza to Padua; 20 miles. He ends this chapter with the comment, 'Every meal was palatable to a man who had to walk to obtain it, and every bed soft to a man who had been in the open air all day and walking all the time.'

Medieval pilgrimages, he maintained, though often set by the Church as a penance, were excellent for health, and not least to combat growing corpulency. But some men, like William the Fat, shied off such; and Fat William was permitted to compromise by building the Abbey of Meaux. 'It would be hard to say what disease would not succumb to a pilgrimage, if only sufficiently long; but as this describes not the malady but the cure, it will be enough to say that on a certain Monday I started like a pilgrim of old, with all my worldly possessions on my back, to pay a visit to the cradle of North British Christianity – Holy Island.'

About the healing miracles of Lourdes he says: 'I went there with an open mind . . .' 'I hope you will show up the humbug' a lawyer friend said; 'but that was not the spirit in which I started.' He was indebted to several Roman Catholic friends for letters of introduction and hints about the road. 'Why should I set about closing one of the avenues by which the sick and suffering are seeking health? Even supposing there is nothing in the waters of Lourdes beyond other waters, at least multitudes of sufferers hope there is, and why should I set out to deprive the miserable of the only medicine they have – the medicine of hope?'

So he set out, walking first to Southampton, seeing London in the small hours of the morning ('Queen Alexandra sleeping in her bed within Buckingham Palace, where the guard was just changing – and less fortunate ones sleeping on benches along the Embankment') and enjoying breakfast, and a bath, at Epsom. Then on through Surrey – Clandon, Guildford, over the Hog's Back, Farnham, through Alton, and so to Winchester.

'The man who walks is the man who is well, and I am proof of the truth of that maxim' he writes in one of his books. In another, 'Nobody takes enough exercise. The number of people killed by motor-cars through accidents is nothing to the number killed by them in depriving men of natural exercise.'

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Next 6 months for only £3

Avail of this special introductory offer to have *Hibernia*, the Fortnightly Review of IRISH politics, current affairs, books, finance and the arts, mailed to any address in the world. *Hibernia* goes behind the IRISH news, North and South, brings you a clear analysis of important developments, and provides authoritative opinion with independent comment. For only £3 you can be better informed on IRISH affairs. Send this coupon with your name and address to:

hibernia
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW
206 PEARSE ST. DUBLIN 2. IRELAND

London Diary

□ I suppose all journalists are meant to rejoice over the coming demise of Section 2 of the Official Secrets Act. If I don't, it's because the Home Secretary gave the show away when he told the Commons that its effect would be 'to replace the blunderbuss by the armalite rifle'. Oddly, that's a straight lift from a phrase that Dick Crossman once used in this paper – though he was arguing the case that, if the law were to be changed, the last state for newspapers would be worse than the first. And of course he was right. The plain fact of the matter is that ever since in 1971 Mr Justice Caulfield declared from the Bench in the *Sunday Telegraph*/Biafra case that Section 2 of the Official Secrets Act had 'reached retirement age and should be pensioned off' no government could contemplate wheeling it out again. That's why we didn't see it clanking out in the affair of Frank Field and the child benefits' leak last May. It's something, I suppose, that by the Home Secretary's own admission the new law will not exact criminal sanctions in cases like that. But I still don't much relish the Government's proposed new elastic definition 'defence and international – confidential'. Ironically, that would certainly have covered the very incident that brought the Official Secrets Act into being – the disclosure of the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin to the *Globe* in 1878. Perhaps more ominously for us today the definition is also plainly designed to make sure that we never get anything as riveting again on television as Keith Kyle coolly reading out all seven protocols of the Anglo/French/Israeli Treaty of Sèvres in 1956. Thank goodness this is one 'reform' we shall have to wait for until next year.

□ By contrast, I wish that this year's Queen's Speech had made it clear that the Government intended to reintroduce the Public Lending Right Bill – this time with something more than a one-line whip – in the coming session. The way it was talked out last week by the old firm of English, Moate and Sproat did little credit to anyone – least of all to those three philistine musketeers. The most intriguing figure among them (in many ways the D'Artagnan of the enterprise) is Iain Sproat. An author himself (though only of the Leslie Frewin variety) and a publisher to boot (though a failed one), he was quoted as saying in last weekend's *Sunday Telegraph* that the most famous remark ever made about him – 'if he were any further to the Right, he'd be in the North Sea' – was coined by Mark Bonham Carter. Not so: it appeared in the *NEW STATESMAN* as long ago as May 1964 when he was fighting the Rutherglen by-election. At the time we simply said that it had come from 'a source which would not much care to have it acknowledged'; but, given the passing of the years, perhaps it is legitimate to confess that in fact it came not from the lips of any political opponent but from the then Tory publicity chief in Scotland (and now controller of BBC Radio-4), Ian McIntyre.

□ The vultures have not been slow to swoop for their pound of flesh as recompense for the £500,000 losses which caused the collapse of NUS travel and printing services. Rhodes Boyson eager to make an early splash in his new role has called for a government inquiry while the ultra-Left want the union nationalised – a policy which looks suspiciously like fascist corporatism. But no matter: the important reaction is the student politicians' who, from student Conservatives right through to the Broad Left, have agreed to bury the hatchet and rally round in defence of a single national union. Their fear is that the closures could cause a disastrous disaffiliation snowball by Christmas. The one group that is crowing is the recently formed rival union, the British Students' Association. It for some time has criticised (NS 8 October) the move into printing and the heady expansion in travel in the boom-period. Though no one can blame Charles Clarke for the fall in the pound which reduced student purchasing power, he has all but publicly accepted the BSA criticism. But the big question mark hangs over how much NUS's creditors are going to demand from its general fund (made up of compulsory local authority subscriptions). NUS hope it will be small. Nevertheless, any such draining of the fund will make a nonsense of Charles Clarke's claim (NS 15 October) that 'it is not true that the rate-payers are subsidising our service companies'.

□ The striking thing about Sunday's Labour and TUC demonstration against the rise of racialism was not so much its impressive size – though that was very heartening – as the fact that it took place at all. I can hardly remember the last time that Labour took to the streets on principle, and though the unions march more often it is seldom about anything as political or fundamental. One got a great sense of the essential decency of Labour's people. The speeches were less inspiring (with Joan Lester an honourable exception). If I had been Lord Pitt, I'm not sure I would have chosen that moment to call on more black men to join the police 'especially if they are fit'. At first I didn't agree with the booing of Merlyn Rees, thinking that the purpose of the rally was more important. But on reflection I'm not so sure. People who deny others a hearing are in a feeble position to complain when they get shouted down themselves.

□ A good many people had hoped that Irene Barclay (Kingsley Martin's elder sister) would one day put into a book her 50 years of housing management, slum clearance, and social work. *People Need Roots* (Bedford Square Press £2.50, paper £1.50) tells that remarkable story vividly but all too briefly, concentrating mainly on the work of the St Pancras Housing Association – the first of its kind, and a movement of spearhead importance in the struggle not merely to get rid of the Rachmans but (more recently) to revive belief in 'human scale' flats and houses as against tower blocks. The St Pancras Association, without much encouragement from its local authority, took the entire population of a big slum tenement area (Mrs Barclay describes this unforgettably) and rehoused it in estates that include community buildings, nursery schools

and gardens. How this was done despite restricted space and finance, the setback of the war years, and the stop-go of government policies throughout, adds up to a story of almost purblind optimism and the gift of not knowing what's impossible.

□ André Malraux, who died on Tuesday, was unusually interested, even inspired, by death, that big and apparently conclusive fact which he feared made a mockery of all human strivings. He almost died in 1973, and from that brush with extinction came a book called *Lazare*, a typically oracular and disjointed meditation on his experience. Pieces in his books – the rescue of the injured airmen in *Days of Hope*, or the account of a gas attack in *The Walnut Trees of Altenburg* – are powerful and memorable because they are rare occasions of fraternity in the face of the last enemy. Malraux was often a difficult writer to understand, especially when he wrote about art; but he liked his thoughts to be as adventurous as his own early career, in the Far East and in civil war Spain. If he was a disappointment as a Gaullist minister, then this was only because someone so romantic and intelligent could have given far more distinctive service to French politics.

□ If you can't get a pedestal in Manhattan's baseball 'Hall of Fame', it's always seemed to me that the next best thing is to get a perch in the *OED* as the source for a new word. Henry Fairlie managed it a year or two back with 'the Establishment' – though his claim to having originated the term is hotly, and properly, challenged by A. J. P. Taylor (who, incidentally, will be back writing this Diary next week). But now we have a new home-grown 'immortal'. The new supplement to the *Oxford English Dictionary* cites Martin Amis in *The Rachel Papers* (1973) as the source for the word 'ludic' – meaning, or so the *OED* says, 'undirected or spontaneously playful'. Sadly, though, a counter-claimant has already emerged in the person of Anthony Burgess, who last week solemnly reminded the readers of the *TLS* that he'd used the word in his novel *Tremor of Intent* (1966) and, what's more, had even subsequently propelled it into the *New York Times*. Still, it remains a nice word even to be credited with having patented – and somehow perhaps especially apposite to Martin Amis.

Crucifer

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

□ 'I was with Ian while he was at the club. He is not uncontrollable. He is big, but then boys are bigger than girls. None of the other mothers complained to me. Ian did shut Mrs Currie's little girl in a trunk. He's a naturally tidy child and puts all things away.' – *Birmingham Post* (Mrs A. H. Brodie)

□ Sir, Surely there is no doubt whatever that unemployment pay should be subject to income tax and at the rate for unearned income too. – Letter in *Daily Telegraph* (H. Woodward)

University Forum

John Daniel*

The Poly and the College

The Polytechnic is of the city: buses and cars sweat by lights outside the front entrance. The air is city-air and you can glimpse the sea only between the Methodist Chapel and Timothy Whites. The College of Education stands on a hill four miles away with sweeping views of the bay from the chalk cliffs in the east to the headlands in the west. The College is stylish, the Poly drab, almost deliberately so with its pebble-dash slabs and its name pinned on the wall in metal letters. Inside the College there are cheerful abstractions on the walls; in the Poly the grey corridors are bare of paintings or photographs. The College has a Common Room where staff gather at tea-time; the Poly has a yellow and brown canteen with plastic couches resembling the waiting-room at the passport-office. The College sold its land in London and spent £5m. on cantilevered elegance; the Poly began as the Tech. after the war and graduated through church-basements and Victorian villas to its present oblongs. The bus-drivers still call it the Tech.

The balance of power is not what it is in other parts of the country where polytechnics have swallowed up colleges and look like swallowing more. The national holocaust means that 31 colleges of education will be merged with polys; 22 with other institutions of further education; 24 will join with each other; two or four with universities, and 16 still have to have their fate decided. The dizzy predictions of the Department of Education and Science which forecast 112,000 training-places for teachers only five years ago have slumped to a mere 45,000.

The college has felt the edge of the axe but is far from dead. One of the favoured sons of the Church of England, it began as a training-school in Battersea Village in 1840. The church does not want to merge with the godless poly; the principal of the college does not wish to become the head of the school of education in the poly; the college staff, accustomed as they are to the more genteel and pastoral traditions of middle-class education, do not want to go down to the poly which they suspect may be full of rough engineers and hairdressers on block-release courses. Between the two there is a great gulf fixed.

And in maintaining the gulf the college and the church profit from the image the poly has of itself, as well as the one it has of the college. For most members of the poly teaching staff believe what the Prime Minister and Lord Crowther-Hunt have told them: polytechnics are useful. They are the 'Chosen Thirty'. The universities are not useful. England in her declining years apparently needs polytechnics as arthritic patients need mineral baths – to set them on their feet again. The arts are not useful: there is clearly no way in which history,

English and philosophy can ever be useful. So the poly does not have them.

The simplicity of this argument is disarming but it overlooks two significant facts: one is that many of the larger and more adventurous polytechnics have developed impressive arts programmes and are continuing to develop them. Middlesex, Newcastle, the Polytechnic of Central London, Portsmouth and others all have degree-level work in the arts which includes the performing arts in addition to the conventional range. And the other somewhat negative point is that much of the so-called useful work done by the poly is not really of much use to anyone. Does England need a small army of graduate sociologists or psychologists every year? Does it even need the number of architects it produces? 'There's no work for them here,' an architectural lecturer says, 'they'll probably go on the dole.' And a psychology teacher: 'What will they do? Why, teach of course. Like everyone else.'

But the myth persists and it is coupled with a view of the college of education which may be accurate but is not calculated to bring about a happy marriage. The college staff are viewed as less well-qualified, less involved in their subjects, too tweed-jacketed schoolmasterly. Compared with the poly, however, they have a small battalion of arts lecturers: all the useless subjects plus one or two 'useful' ones like sociology and geography. In the absence of clear directives from the Government, the DES or anyone else, a deal can be arranged. In the last few years a vast amount of time, paper and money has been consumed by educational institutions, which have assumed that the vacuum allowed them to carry on any amount of political intrigue.

The deal will be a marriage of convenience. The college and the poly will hatch two new degrees – arts and sociology – by coming together and using 'existing resources' (a magic phrase). They will then go their separate ways leaving the poly with the sociology degree and the college with the arts degree. The college will have 'diversified' (another magic phrase). The church will be happy because it has retained an independent training college; the college principal and staff will be happy because they have not suffered redundancies; the poly will maintain its separation from the college and not be involved with second-class projects.

As a way of avoiding redundancies in the college it is a pragmatic solution although it now seems as though some redundancies are likely in any event. As a plan for the development of higher education in this country it has all the marks of a patched

job, for the transformation of a teacher-training college into a liberal arts college on the American pattern, cannot be affected by simply granting a licence to an institution which has no tradition of scholarship or research and whose members' chief interests do not lie along those lines. The polytechnic also withdraws into an isolated position, cut off from the development of higher education in the arts which, contrary to Callaghan and Crowther-Hunt, appears to be an important part of its role in providing people with the education they require.

In the States there are now very few, if any, separate establishments for the training of teachers, and the time for their incorporation within the main student body has now been reached in this country. Instead of rational planning the Government and its advisers – the DES and the Advisory Committee for the Supply and Training of Teachers – have waited for the influence of outside factors to bring about change. It is a passive attitude, and has meant considerable anguish and bitterness on the part of those who feel they are being moved about like pawns. Instead of organised progress towards a genuinely comprehensive system of higher education there has been a wealth of intrigue and backstairs negotiation in which personalities rather than plans have dictated the outcome. The equal fuzziness of the role of the polytechnics *vis-à-vis* the universities has also retarded the process. A Gradgrindian notion of purely utilitarian functions conflicts with the broad development of tertiary education in all areas. The result is a mess and a muddle.

There are sinister implications too, for the DES has not failed to use the axe, albeit around its head and at the last minute. But if the Government decides that one area of education can be so rigorously controlled why should it stop there? Why not control any or all other areas? Educational choice may be passing, via the control of grants, from the student's own preferences and desires to the state's 'requirements'. And as we have seen from the figures issued since 1971, the state has no more idea of its own requirements than the man in the moon. What is needed is a policy statement from the Government on the whole development and future of higher education.

For it is not only the colleges of education but art colleges and adult education which need to be incorporated into an overall pattern. The polytechnics, for all their limitations of vision, seem to be more closely in touch with the people of this country than the universities. Perhaps they are simply less snobbish. But if they are to be used as umbrellas for future development they will have to widen their outlook and take on more of the intellectual vision of the universities – perhaps on the lines of the large American State Universities – than they have up to now. If they don't, we shall all disappear under a fragmented system so complicated that not even those working within it will be able to understand it, and the only jobs available will be for those whose speciality is decoding educational structures. We are close to that even now.

* John Daniel is a principal lecturer at Plymouth Polytechnic.

First Person

Arthur Marshall

She's a Lady

I possess a Christian name that has seen better days. Doting modern parents, wavering excitedly over the choice between Giles and Simon (brother for Samantha Jane), would not give Arthur a single thought. Its decline was sadly sudden. Perfectly okay, and even quite *distingué* when allied to Connaught, up to and including the first world war, it speedily became in the Twenties a name that writers of fiction allotted to tipsy commercial travellers and bovine buffers ('Good old Arthur!'). I first became aware at school that all was not well when I had to spout it out, for some exam registration reason, in class: sniggers from the safe set of Johns, Davids and Michaels. That pleasingly eccentric ITV cat which advertised some pussy food or other by inserting its left leg into the tin and scooping out pawfuls of deliciousness was called, I need hardly say, Arthur. Oh well.

When, on a trip by boat to Canada in 1970, I presented, as instructed, my relatively recent passport to the purser and his face fell, I assumed that it was the name that had upset him. It could hardly have been the photographic likeness of my top half, all too accurate, as he had already been feasting his eyes on the real thing during our preliminary chat. But there were my names and my 'description' written out, as requested, in capital letters in my own hand - eyes 'hazel', hair 'grey' which it then was - and with them the entry for 'profession'. Here there had been a problem. Since abandoning schoolmastering, I had correctly made use, at different periods, of 'Secretary' and 'Script Editor'. But now I had settled on the simple word, 'WRITER', and this was what troubled the purser. I had imperfectly formed the first R and the profession I was claiming was seen to be that of 'WAITER'. As a calling, waiter was clearly not tippy-top on the purser's list of preferences. But apart from this little setback everything else on that agreeable Empress boat was *couleur de rose*. 'The Liner she's a Lady' wrote Kipling and, though I fancy he merely meant to disparage harder-working little cargo-boats, nothing could have been more graceful or gentle than our voyage.

Somewhere near Newfoundland, a sizeable iceberg was sighted on the horizon and the ship's wag made a series of tasteless jokes (we cold-shouldered him at dinner) about the *Titanic* and Davy Jones's locker. In the power that that dreadful event still has to fascinate and horrify, the *Titanic* is unsinkable indeed. How right Mrs Ledoux had been, in her 'Ocean Notes for Ladies', to stress the importance for female voyagers of dressing well at all times as a body washed ashore in good clothing always received more courteous treatment. A first class ticket on the *Titanic* proved a prudent expenditure, a much higher proportion of

both ladies and gentlemen being mercifully saved than in steerage, and besides, on that 'night to remember' (Allen Lane has just reissued, illustrated and at £4.95, Walter Lord's masterpiece, together with a splendidly nostalgic *The Liners* by Terry Coleman, at £5.95), there was an excellent dinner of consommé Olga, asparagus vinaigrette, mousseline of salmon and Waldorf Pudding. In the second class there was consommé tapioca, and baked haddock. What was offered in steerage we do not know. Full of salmon, Lady Duff Gordon kept her cool in the very sparsely occupied lifeboat No 1, remarking to her secretary, Miss Francatelli, as the icy waters closed over the liner, 'There is your beautiful night-dress gone.' And 1,502 people with it.

One goggles afresh at the extraordinary facts. The look-out who spotted, too late, the iceberg had no binoculars (he had asked for them but was told that there were none available). For a full hour, the look-out in the stern was unaware that anything was amiss. There was a curious tendency for hopeful escapees to stuff their

pockets with oranges. The ship's telegraphic code contained the useful word BACK (baggage gone astray) and RAPIDO (sinking rapidly). There was the unaccountably static behaviour of those on the *Carpathia*, halted eight miles away, who watched a large, stationary liner firing rockets, then appearing to tilt, then disappearing. And there was the *Titanic* investigation committee, who really covered just about everything, even going thoughtfully into the question of what an iceberg was actually composed of. 'Ice', somebody suggested.

We owe much to Mr Coleman, in particular the warning that when at sea, bishops are apt to become very undisciplined, and also the information that there exists (in America, natch) a Society of *Titanic* Enthusiasts, 300-strong. In 1972, on the 60th anniversary of the disaster, they went to town and managed to dig up, so to speak, and fête seven ancient survivors ('these living, fine, historical people'). They arranged for a wreath to be laid on the sea at the very spot and, on a pond nearer home, built a four foot radio-directed model of the *Titanic* and a suitably-sized papier maché iceberg, hoping that the two would manage to collide and excitingly re-enact the little misfortune. No such luck, however, so the ship had to be scuttled by remote control. Elsewhere, some of the Enthusiasts gave a 'fun party' on two lifeboats labelled *Titanic*. 'Boat drill scheduled to start at eight o'clock' said the invitations, '1912 attire required'. The Society's president must surely be Charles Addams.



Every sex maniac should get it

It's bound smooth and brown, yet very slim and handy. (6¾" x 3¼"). This 1977 Sex Maniac's Diary is made for the 1977 Sex Maniac to whip from the pocket or handbag and refer to at anytime during the day or night.

Not only does it contain a sex position for every day, this year there's a Kink of the Week every week. What a way to sort your friends out! The enormous reference section lists astrological sex matching and predictions for 1977; the world's most romantic hotels and sexy clubs. The sex games are written specifically for middle-aged mooners, slick city dwellers, suburbanites and country bumpkins. So, the Sex Maniac's Diary will even be an appropriate gift

for your naughty granny in Devon!

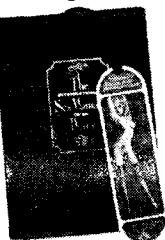
Bigger and better is the International Sex Maniac's Desk Diary 1977 - a hefty 8½" x 6½" with the most divinely designed pages. This is the present for the real enthusiast, the traveller, the dreamer.

There within its pages are the secrets of 87 cities' night life, essential astrology, a useful listing of erotic gifts and the most

hilarious Sex Maniac Award section. The diary is adorned with sex positions and erotic aphorisms.

Never has so much sauce been presented in such immaculate taste. Make sure that every Sex Maniac Friend of yours gets a pocket or desk diary for Christmas, and make sure it's a Sex Maniac's Diary.

Fill in the coupon - we'll do the rest.



To Executive Distributors (Sales) Ltd
2 Godstone Rd Whyteleafe Surrey
Please send me _____ Pocket Diaries at £1.75
_____ Desk Diaries at £4.00
_____ by cheque PO made out
to Executive Distributors (Sales) Ltd
(please print) Prices include
Name VAT and P&P
Address
I am over 18 yrs old (signed) NewS

Letters to the Editor

The Chicago Boys and Chile

Sir, The article by the late Orlando Letelier (NS 12 November) was not only defective in logic, but also radically misleading as to fact. The main burden of the piece was that a Friedmanite policy of laissez-faire leads 'inevitably' (sic!) to 'massive repression' and 'the permanence of a brutal police state'. For most of the article, this proposition is not argued for. The reader is left to assume that because 'economic freedom' (mixed-economy man Simon's phrase, *not* Friedman's) has appeared together with state atrocities more extreme than formerly, it must be true that the twain are inseparable. By the same token it must be true that widespread nationalisation 'inevitably' leads to massive repression (Stalin), and it must be true that a mixed-economy welfare state 'inevitably' leads to massive repression (Hitler).

At the end of his piece Letelier does produce an argument, but it amounts to no more than telling us what we all know already, that a small minority without mass support, determined to impose a wildly unpopular programme upon an unwilling population, is bound to employ police-state methods. This is presumably true *whatever* the programme. Letelier's transparently shoddy argument pales into insignificance compared with the magnitude of the untruth that the rulers of Chile are actually engaged in implementing laissez-faire. As Friedman has repeatedly pointed out, the Chilean government has no classical liberal goals, unless that label can be applied to a very modest reduction in government spending as a share of national income, and a reduction in the rate of growth of the money supply to a still enormous figure. Apparently, for Letelier, anything less than an intoxicated leap into hyperinflation was to be described as 'classical liberal'.

Letelier himself indicated that Chile does not permit free competition. 'Other aspects of the brand of economics taught at the University of Chicago are conveniently ignored by the junta's advisers.' But instead of concluding that the roots of Chile's tyranny were not to be found in the admittedly non-existent free market economy, Letelier blithely ignored the contradiction. 'Except in present-day Chile, no government in the world gives private enterprise an absolutely free hand.' Read especially for 'except' and you have the truth.

I oppose Friedman's collaboration with the Chilean government, slight and critical though it has been. (During a recent visit to London, Friedman declared that he had spent six days in Chile, and had subsequently had no contact with anyone there.) Friedman has persistently denounced the brutalities of the Chilean state. Letelier thought this was inconsistent, and I agree. What are we to think then, of the numerous eminent economists who not only cooperate with equally brutal regimes (in Russia or India, for example) but simultaneously refrain from criticising their activities, and even extol these governments in glowing terms?

Loathsome though the junta is, this does not, of course, disprove the view that inflation is entirely a monetary phenomenon, and that any government, however vicious or however benign, can halt inflation by ceasing to print money. In his article Letelier feigned ignorance of the commonplace that monetary expansion takes about two years to show itself in rising prices. The honour of having engineered Chile's world-beating rate of price rises must go to Allende and his colleagues, including Letelier. It was surely another case of rhetorical evasion for Letelier to discuss the

rise in unemployment caused by a slowdown in monetary expansion *without* reference to the well-corroborated view that, after lengthy inflation, a temporary rise in unemployment is inevitable, and will be made much worse if delayed by further inflation.

D. R. STEELE

30 Chesnut Avenue
Hull

Mr Foot and India

Sir, The fables you have been publishing on the theme 'India under Emergency' are good fiction and I used to enjoy reading them. Now that Mr Foot has caught you on the wrong foot (NS 5 November) I hope you will not discontinue this imaginative series.

I have been a reader of the NEW STATESMAN for 40 years or more. I never expected that this once famous weekly would ever get to its present level. I would like to think that you do not represent British socialism. We in India know how to take this anti-India propaganda of yours. A former Secretary of State for India once said in the context of the independence movement of India: 'Let the dogs bark, the caravan will move on.' You and your friends can say what you like; the caravan of India will keep moving forward.

V. M. NAIR
Managing Editor

Mathrubhumi Daily & Weekly
Calicut
Kerala

Sir, I cannot comment on what Mr Michael Foot in his letter (NS 5 November) calls 'lies,' for, unfortunately, I have not been able to see a copy of the NEW STATESMAN of 29 October in which they have been printed. It is possible that that issue of the journal was prevented by the government watchdogs from reaching its subscribers in this country. Let Mr Foot know that almost as a rule since the clamping of Emergency the foreign papers containing criticism of the present regime are debarred from reaching the common man.

I take into account only what Mr Foot has himself admitted in the letter. That is enough to convince me that Mr Foot kept his eyes deliberately closed to the reality of the political and economic situation obtaining here. As a layman, unfamiliar with the intricacies of international politics, I would not know the reason why he chose to do so. But most certainly he did choose not to see the grim reality beneath the glossy surface.

I do not know who were the 'trade unionists and Indian socialists of long standing' Mr Foot talked to, but let me tell you honestly there is not a single socialist of long standing or short standing who is bitter at the refusal by other countries 'to comprehend what has been achieved and what is being achieved'. For in plain and simple words what *has* been achieved is the rejection of democracy and the installation of a totalitarian regime and what *is* being achieved is the strengthening of this regime through blatant lies which made a victim of even such a shrewd politician as Mr Foot.

I would like Mr Foot to come again to India - he will be easily allowed to come after the 'certificate of goodness and fitness' he has awarded to the present power-drunk usurpers - and go to the villages and to the universities and meet the crippled pressmen and those rotting in jails among whom are not merely politicians but teachers, writers, journalists and others.

Despite the implementation of the 20-point programme, the success of which is incessantly blared forth from radio and television and the subjugated press, there is more poverty than before, the bonded labour remains bonded as before and prices are still rising as before. True there are no strikes in the factories, but there are lockouts, and industrial production is at a standstill. No strikes on the campuses, but no genuine teaching either. Colleges and universities have become haunts of the police, government ministers and Secret Service men in plain dress. Much more time and resources are spent on imposing on teachers and students alike, as on the general people, the 'benevolent' image of Mother Indra and Son Sanjay and the 20- and 5- point programmes than on the proper studies in the class rooms or experiments in the laboratories. Does Mr Foot know that the 20-point programme has been included in the economics and political science textbooks at various levels of education in the country? I could go on, but let me stop here.

But one last question to Mr Foot. Does he remember still in what manner and for what purpose the Emergency was declared on 26 June 1975? And does he find any relationship between then and now when the election has been further postponed and when the 44th (or 42nd?) Constitution Amendments Bill has been voted by the Parliament?

INDIAN SOCIALIST

New Delhi

The Unloved Ones

Sir, David Caute in his illuminating review of David Pryce-Jones's biography of Unity Mitford (NS 12 November) indirectly raises the question of the origins of her hatred of the Jews. He quotes Lady Mosley's lame excuse that her sister's anti-Semitism started 'years before the wholesale killing of Jews shocked the world; it was years before the war.' Not only, as your reviewer points out, is the class which tried to suppress David Pryce-Jones's book 'still with us', but its anti-Semitism, at least as far as the Mitfords are concerned, goes well back into Victorian days; and there are definite suggestions of early indoctrination in the family.

When John Lane published in 1911 an English translation of Houston Stewart Chamberlain's *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*, which was to become a Nazi Bible, this venture received the enthusiastic support of Lord Redesdale, Unity's grandfather. He went out of his way to praise the book in a 54-page long preface, essentially a summary of Chamberlain's argument, making his own not only the historical hotch-potch but also the anti-Semitic views of Wagner's son-in-law, Chamberlain, who was to be decorated in 1915 by Wilhelm II with the Iron Cross and later was adopted by the Nazis as their forerunner.

Anyone wishing to research into the origins of English upper-class anti-Semitism and the spreading of racist ideology in Britain will be well-advised not to overlook that preface. Chamberlain is presented in it as a scientist; his whole panoply of Aryan racialism is displayed as gospel truth.

And he is praised as a strong anti-Semite.

EMILE DELAVENAY

Vence
France

Whose National Theatre?

Sir, Mervyn Jones, in his piece (NS 12 November) analysing the current argument about how the new National Theatre should be run, writes that 'the most informative source of materials' is John Elsom's book. Apparently Elsom thinks so too. His typescript has, to my knowledge, already been seen by quite a few journalists,

the Arts Council, and others. Yet the relevant chapters contain many factual inaccuracies. Elsom himself, in his letter last week, calls it only a 'draft': a fair description. He has not, for example, asked to interview Peter Hall at any time over the last, vital, 18 months - he saw him briefly way back in May 1975. Rather, he has relied for his information almost entirely on sources outside the NT, including Jonathan Miller and Michael Blakemore. That is what Peter Hall meant when he said chapters of the book had been 'written' by Miller and Blakemore.

'Hall's side of the case has been amply aired' writes Mervyn Jones. But he adds that this has only to be expected 'when you learn that the NT press staff has increased from two to eight since the Olivier days'. The press office in Olivier's time was not responsible for editing and designing the NT's publications. Now it is. With an editorial assistant and two graphic designers, it has converted a loss at the Old Vic of about £15,000 a year on programmes into a profit. The remaining five press staff are not in fact enough for seeing that the public are fully informed in every possible way about three theatres, not one. What's more, those three theatres potentially offer over 30 productions a year (big-scale and small), not seven or eight, as at the Vic. And the new NT has to attract an audience of 2,500 people a day, not 500. Nevertheless since we made a start on the South Bank in March we have played overall to 90 per cent capacity.

But there's something else concerning the staffing of the NT press office that bears directly on a statement of John Elsom's in his letter. It is the one to the effect that the NT's affairs are difficult to research. The fact is that we welcome debate; and therefore do everything possible to see that it is soundly based and informed. To this end, much willing effort is spent responding frankly to questions which require detailed answers. Up to 200 calls a day from journalists are now received in the NT press office. Perhaps this is a healthy sign of a lively theatre. But it calls for time and people.

JOHN GOODWIN

Head of Publicity and Publications
National Theatre
South Bank
London SE1

Family Type

Sir, The reason why Rhodesia's Van der Byl is the nastiest man Christopher Hitchens (Geneva Diary 5 November) has hit on is that he's probably too young to have hit on an earlier member of this family, Jan Smuts's Minister for Native Affairs, the Hon. Major Pieter Van der Byl.

'Piet the clothes-horse', as he was generally called in our Parliament, because of his elegant suits and mentality, was the Minister in charge of Native Affairs during the years 1943-1948, when I was a Senator representing the Africans of the Transvaal and Orange Free State provinces. People who imagine that the most intolerable features of apartheid were introduced by Nationalist governments after the defeat of the United Party in 1948 don't know or don't remember what life was like for an African in the days of 'civilised trusteeship'.

Ian Smith's Van der Byl seems a carbon copy of the South African minister. Major Piet had the same dislike and contempt for black people, and his manners were deplorable. He would sit reading a book or yawning ostentatiously when a critic of his department was addressing the House. We were allowed to suck sweets to keep heavy smokers in their seats. The Major like big pear-shaped acid drops which made a lot of noise when he sucked them.

On one occasion he opened his mouth in an extra loud and wide yawn when I was on my feet describing the effects of some cruel location regulations. I said, 'If the Honourable Minister would only close his mouth and open his mind!' It was not the most brilliant parliamentary sally on record, but the timing made it funny. There was a roar of laughter and the startled minister closed his mouth suddenly. The sweet stuck in his throat and he gagged, making him jump up and leave the Chamber.

My victories over Van der Byl and his administration were few, but this was one which I often remember with pleasure.

H. M. BASNER

Aburi

Upper Wootton
Almeley, Hereford

This New Statesman

Sir, For a Scottish-based magazine, writing about an Irish subject, to gain entry to 'This England' (NS 22 October) must be an event unique in the annals of that lively column. A pity, then, that I cannot bask in the glory of it; I must come clean and say that you have been spoofed. Yes, the October issue of *Blackwood's* did advance the theory that the shortage of green vegetables in Ireland might mean that there is chronic national constipation, and that this could account for the violence and b-mindedness in Irish politics. But we were kidding. Or at least we thought we were. It has been pointed out by specialists from as far away as New Zealand that a correlation between costiveness and aggression in children has been established and that research is continuing.

DAVID FLETCHER
Editor

Blackwood's Magazine
32 Thistle Street
Edinburgh

Sir, Under the heading 'This South Africa' (NS 19 November), you print an extract from the *Age* about a man who was arrested several weeks after raping a woman when the stolen car he was driving crashed into a ravine where off-duty police were having a barbecue. This rather unremarkable sequence of events was described in a court in Parramatta.

What this has to do with poor old South Africa is beyond me: Parramatta is in Australia, the *Age* is an Australian newspaper and you should realise by now that, had the action taken place in South Africa, the unfortunate man in question would have driven into a *donga*, not a ravine, in which policemen (off-duty or otherwise) would have been having a *braai*, not a barbecue!

J. M. STERBAN

Flat 3
25 Palace Gate, W8

Daley and PR

Sir, In his article denouncing the idea of Proportional Representation (NS 22 October), Phillip Whitehead asks the sinister question: 'Why does Mayor Daley favour it in Cook County, where Illinois is one of the few American states to use it?' I hate to spoil the atmosphere of Victorian melodrama, but whatever does Mr Whitehead have in mind? Illinois elects its Congressmen in single-member districts, as do other states, and the members of its legislature similarly. Mr Daley's city aldermen are chosen by wards. Perhaps Mr Whitehead had in mind the old Chicago custom of voting gravestones. But that is not PR.

ANTHONY LEWIS

84 State Street
Boston, Mass.

NEW FROM PENGUIN



THE JAPAN READER

Jon Livingstone, Joe Moore and Felicia Oldfather

Vol. 1 Imperial Japan: 1800-1945

Vol. 2 Postwar Japan: 1945 to the Present

These two volumes form a fascinating historical record of the development of modern Japan. Each contains a wide variety of source material and commentaries, ranging from official documents and contemporary accounts to selections from Japanese literature.

Pelican Original. Each volume £1.75

THE JAPAN READER 1

IMPERIAL JAPAN: 1800-1945

JON LIVINGSTONE, JOE MOORE, FELICIA OLDFATHER



LONRHO: Portrait of a Multinational

S. Cronjé, M. Ling and G. Cronjé
What are the complexities of Lonrho's affairs? How did Tiny Rowland build up his business empire to be vastly wealthy? And what were the business practices which caused Lonrho to be labelled as 'the unacceptable face of capitalism' in 1973. This book takes a cool but revealing look at all these questions, to provide insights into the way a modern multinational organises its affairs.

Pelican £1.50

CLASS IN A CAPITALIST SOCIETY: A Study of Contemporary Britain

John Westergaard and Henrietta Resler

The notion that class inequality has been steadily diminishing is a myth. By using Britain as an example, the authors show how deeply rooted and pervasive class structure and visions are in contemporary capitalist societies. They conclude that contrary to popular pretence, 'class' is alive and well and flourishing.

Pelican £1.50

PRISONER OF MAO

Bao Ruowang and Rudolph Chelminski

A moving first-hand account of the harsh life of deprivation in a Chinese labour camp. The book is distinguished for its accuracy, honesty and humanity, and provides insights into the nature of Chinese communism likely to be valid even in the post-Mao era.

Penguin Non-Fiction 90p

Oxford presents:

We published a brand-new edition of the **Concise Oxford Dictionary** earlier this year – and there is no better Christmas present at £4.75 (£6 with a thumb index). One of the many new words **C.O.D.** now admits is *gruntled* ('pleased, satisfied, back formation from disgruntled'). Anyone given it would be exceedingly gruntled.

Our other Oxford presents cannot fail to gruntle, either. The splendidly illustrated **Oxford Companion to Ships and the Sea**, edited by Peter Kemp, £12, 'a marvellous ditty box that comprehends between two covers the secrets of the sea and the men who sail on it' (The Times) is, says Hammond Innes in The Guardian, 'the best Christmas present that could have been dreamed up for anybody with an interest in the sea'. The Listener calls it 'a Companion that deserves a place by every bunk' – and that can also be said of the **Oxford Companions to Film**, £10, to **German Literature**, £10, to the **Decorative Arts**, £10.50, and to **Sports and Games**, £8.50 – all new or recent, all extremely presentable.

The Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes, £4.25, is 'the ideal Christmas present for a literary uncle for about the next hundred years' – so burred the Birmingham Post when we published it a year ago, which gives this 'best bedside book' (Benny Green) another 99 years to entertain us all. **The New Oxford Book of American Verse**, £7.50, has joined the **New Oxford Book of English Verse**, £5.25, just in time for Christmas. For biography lovers, Winifred Gérin's **Elizabeth Gaskell**, £5.75, 'written with real understanding and sympathy, is as pleasant to read as one of Mrs. Gaskell's own novels' (The Economist).

Are there any chessplaying children on your list? John Walker's **Attacking the King**, £2.95, paperback £1.50, is the book they need to sharpen their checkmating skills (really, it's for any one from 9 to 90 who'd like to improve their game). Irving Chernev's **The Golden Dozen**, £5.95, gathers the best games of the best chess players of all time.

Oleg Polunin's flower guides are well known: in **Trees and Bushes of Europe**, £5.25, he turns to taller subjects. Its 1,000 colour photographs and drawings and its easy-to-use text will enhance a walk or a holiday anywhere in Britain or on the Continent. In **The Selfish Gene**, £2.95, Richard Dawkins explodes the popular view that animals behave for the good of the species. His book is thrilling; a recent BBC Horizon programme explored its fascinating theme.

One of the most enjoyable Oxford children's books this year is a new illustrated translation of **The Nutcracker**, the enchanting Alexandre Dumas *père* story on which Tchaikowsky's ballet was based, £3.95. Also – but not only – for children, the Opies' **Classic Fairy Tales**, £5.95 worth of thrills and shocks and pictures.

For the prettiest, most grunting stocking-filler possible, tuck in **Still Glides the Stream**, £1.50, Flora Thompson's magical evocation of her own late Victorian country childhood.

Go Christmas shopping in bookshops. You'll be gruntled too!

CHRISTMAS BOOKS—1

John Fowles

A Study in Scarlet

The Adventures of Conan Doyle by CHARLES HIGHAM *Hamish Hamilton* £4.95

Conan Doyle remains less an individual than a social phenomenon; less a writer than a complex in the national psyche – as the author of this fascinating, though flawed, life unconsciously reveals in his not infrequent lapses into latterday hagiography. Charles Higham is one of those biographers who seem supremely oblivious of anything that has happened in the literary sciences and disciplines during this century, and a far better present title would have been *The Mystery of Conan Doyle*. It is double. The man himself is an enigma; but so also is the way his country has treated him. Perhaps the strangest thing is that both his detractors and his votaries seem to have arrived, though for very different reasons, at the same verdict: he is not to be taken seriously.

The detractors have only to adduce the criterion of excellence. Beside a James, a Conrad, a Hardy, Conan Doyle is a minnow. That he could tell a Ratting Good Yarn, no one denies. But so can hundreds of others; indeed of all the literary skills none, as no less an authority than Mr Harold Robbins once confided to me, is easier – at least if you are male. You just turn on the tap marked 'Boy'. Then, what social philosophy Conan Doyle had seems closer to muscular Christianity than anything else – to the manly straight left and the deathly hush in the close; his public politics were right-wing, sometimes odiously so, as in his defence of Kitchener's fateful Boer War invention, the concentration camp; his metaphysics began and ended in spiritualism, in the crooked fatuities and suspect sexual undertones of the high-society séance.

He revelled in his friendships with Edward VII, Balfour, Asquith, Churchill and other power-merchants of the day. The quintessential literary establishment man, he was perhaps the last novelist in this country to whom governments were prepared to listen. (Though not always enough; the Germans themselves were to thank him for giving them the idea of the U-boat wolf-pack, whose potential he foretold in 1912.) Yet for all his prestige he sounds permanently a little ashamed at being 'only' a teller of tales. In truth he was the very type of the self-addicted, obsessive novelist – 'a closed study door' in his children's memory. When he turned spiritualist he was categorical that there was no money, no food and no sex on the Other Side; but writing and games, a thousand times yes.

Paradox: this seemingly unoriginal man also creates the two most widely known characters in all world fiction of the last 100 years. He arrived at Mr Sherringford

Hope and Dr Ormon Sacker (his first names for the immortal pair) a good deal less imaginatively than by totting *à la* Steptoe – first by a direct picking-over of former models (Poe's Dupin and Gaboriau's Lecoq had both had Watson-like feeds) and secondly by a shrewd scrounging of whatever news items and popular scientific articles came to hand. Baker Street themes, names, habits, physical appearances . . . again and again Mr Higham shows how they can be traced back to real life and real crimes. This cunning scrapbook method may be one major clue to the blurring between fiction and reality Conan Doyle so often induced in his audience – and not only with Holmes and Watson. The power of his spiritualist lectures in New York in 1922 was such that there was a sharp rise in the suicide rate; many evidently found his Hereafter a good deal more plausible than life itself. There was a more comic example in 1909. A scene in one of his plays, set in Egypt, showed dervishes attacking a party of British tourists. One night a captain in the Welsh Guards leapt from the stalls, brandishing a revolver. 'You cads! How dare you treat our English women so!' cried the gallant officer, and then promptly charged the terrified blacked-up members of the cast. Fortunately he failed to clear the orchestra pit, and was subdued.

Why was the Holmes-Watson collage so overwhelmingly successful? Another clue lies in the remarkable extra-literary response it inspired in its heyday. To his first Victorian audience Holmes seemed a *preux chevalier* risen against the dragon of increasing crime, the most obvious symptom of a century decaying on its premises, and the unparalleled public distress when this new St George was prematurely killed off at the Reichenbach Falls in 1893 shows that far less a print construct than a supermanifestation of law and order was seen to have gone from the world. The same world was not to know that Holmes had really died because his creator felt deeply guilty at not having diagnosed his first wife's tuberculosis earlier. He blamed this on his obsession with his two characters.

Another element in the success – and I come now to the votaries' case – seems to me a good deal murkier. Many of Holmes's qualities as knightly social totem are tainted today. There is the assumption that all life's mysteries can be solved by logic and analysis: feed in the facts and the computer will find the answer (significantly, Conan Doyle's actual trick was to work back from a pre-determined solution). There is the terror of sexuality and women in general (no surprise that the author was bitterly anti-suffragette); the awe of the titled, the famous, the Illustrious Client. Above all

there is, despite the sharp observation of social appearances, the almost total lack of any social content – the reduction of life to a picturesque and entertaining myth.

I think we do not have to look much further to explain a unique social epiphenomenon in the novel: the existence (and antics) of those who still band together to treat Holmes and Watson as real people. It is surely revealing that these grown-up children have chosen a playground so firmly disinfected of both contemporary and past, and social and literary, reality. In this context Conan Doyle becomes the perfect writer for those who do not want to think, who want nothing out of books but a quick fix into dreamland – and who secretly resent any form of fiction, or consideration of it, that requires an adult response. Here Conan Doyle has long become, rather like Ian Fleming, a weapon of the philistine Fifth Column.

One can't quite exonerate the writer himself. He did encourage the myth of the 'real' Holmes, even answering letters in his name – or sometimes in Watson's. But one can forgive him another cause of the myth: the way he used Holmesian methods in many real-life cases of police stupidity and legal bungling. Conservative he may have been politically, but his heart was very firmly in the right place when he smelt injustice. In all that side of his life, much more considerable and 'committed' than we now commonly recall, he was a tireless and courageous anti-Establishment man.

Sides of his life . . . it is their multiplicity that, mesmerised by Sherlock Holmes, we have forgotten and censored, and whose resurrection makes me forgive Mr Higham his inadequacies of approach and style. He reminds us of all that submerged part of Conan Doyle's work and imagination: his science fiction, his horror and ghost stories, with their often markedly Freudian imagery. Outwardly Conan Doyle was chaste as chalk – he refused to consummate his love for Jean Leckie, the future Lady Conan Doyle, until his invalid first wife died, a wait of ten years – but underneath one detects a seething, if unread, *Psychopathia Sexualis*. As with death, all to do with Eve was terrifyingly fraught. One day he heard one of his young sons refer to a lady they had met as 'ugly'. The boy received a clout that nearly knocked him off his feet. 'No woman is ugly!' roared the Jocasta-ridden father.

Then there are the last 20 years of his life, when he became the great world advocate of spiritualism and the prime butt of the non-believers – a period Mr Higham covers amusingly well. Poor Conan Doyle took one dreadful pratfall after another, as medium after medium he backed was proven a trickster. Houdini, who loved the old man,

tried to warn him of the world he was in. Conan Doyle's answer was to invite the great escaper to a séance with Lady Conan Doyle, by then an automatic writer. Houdini's dead mother was duly invoked, and her message transcribed. Unfortunately it was couched in impeccable middle-class British English, and the real woman had been a poor Hungarian immigrant to the US, totally unable to speak or write the language. Houdini said nothing at the time, but the Conan DoYLES were deeply hurt when later he revealed the sad truth. Even here all is paradox: how could a man whose detective methods had by then been adopted by every police force in the world have turned so blind to all the evidence?

Mr Higham has done an enormous amount of research, and it is perhaps unkind to complain that he has not done the second thing that was needed: to rescue the man from his legend. In any future study the following questions need to be answered. Whence the power of the Baker Street myth? How is it articulated – what are the secrets of its 'codes'? To what extent has it Celtic origins? What deep archetypes in mankind does it touch? What does it say of

the society that helped create it – and of the one that still so enjoys parodying it? Why the shamanistic myth about Conan Doyle himself? Why is he so exempt from ordinary appraisal – why does a writer like Mr Higham still feel obliged to treat both his nature and his texts as quasi-sacrosanct in all areas of value-judgment? And why indeed has such a strikingly rich specimen for the literary-sociological laboratory received so little serious attention?

I do not suppose (if the Other Side does after all exist) that Sir Arthur will enjoy reading this review, though I hope we shall be spared the action for defamation he hurled at a former editor of the NS after a savage put-down ('a childish swindle', 'incredibly puerile') of *The Blue Island* in 1922. One may argue over his true artistic worth; but one cannot deny that he was a quite exceptionally complex and interesting example of his species, both human and literary. Still to treat and travesty him as we do, as the jolly gentleman amateur who tossed off some engaging fairy-tales between cricket-matches and séances, reveals, I am afraid, an ancient and still current sickness in our insular culture.

Donald Davie

Gentlemen of Fashion

The New Oxford Book of American Verse
edited by Richard Ellmann Oxford £7.50

It's a long time since I agreed with A. Alvarez, and to my knowledge I've never yet agreed with Jonathan Raban. So let it go on record that I too regard Richard Ellmann's anthology as a thoroughly timid and sloppy performance. Add to our independent verdicts David Bromwich's in the *TLS*, and it can be agreed that Ellmann's book has been *panned*. Will this have the slightest effect on sales, even in this country, let alone in America? Almost certainly not. The OUP is too respectable, its publicity and distribution services are too efficient, and the reader gets a lot for his money – in bulk, that is. Ellmann's anthology will be just as 'successful', and as influential for the next 30 years, as the infinitely bolder and more imaginative anthology that it claims to supersede: F. O. Matthiessen's ground-breaking Oxford Book of 1950. All publicity is good publicity. We've all reviewed it, haven't we? And the common reader, that befuddled innocent, will remember only having seen the reviews, not what any of them said.

Just to keep our spirits up, let's pretend that there *are* still common readers who aren't willingly befuddled. Such a one might lately have read Clive Wilmer in *Poetry Nation Review* applauding one of the best of our young poets, Dick Davis, and remarking that the strongest influence on Davis's work is the American epigrammatist, J. V. Cunningham. If we want to see what Wilmer means, what better place to turn to than Ellmann's anthology? But we

turn to it in vain; Cunningham's not to be found there. And the same goes for other American poets who over the years have established a small – often *very* small – but faithful following over here: William Stafford, who has been esteemed by some of us for more than 20 years; Samuel Menashe, first published here by Gollancz and commended by Kathleen Raine, surely the most authentic voice that the American Jew has yet found in poetry; the veteran George Oppen, recently applauded by Michael Hamburger for sparseness, clarity and directness; and (most flagrant case of all) the still more dogged and time-honoured veteran, Louis Zukofsky. These poets are very various. There would be something suspiciously eclectic about an anthology that included *every* one of them. But to exclude them *all*? What sort of taste can it be that can't respond *either* to Stafford *or* to Oppen? *Either* to Cunningham *or* to Menashe? The truth has to be what David Bromwich says: we aren't dealing with taste at all, but only with a register of current fashion. For one thing all these poets have in common is that they aren't, and never have been, fashionable; or rather, let's say – since Stafford has a following in the North West, and Cunningham in Northern California – they have never been fashionable in New York or New Haven.

Matthiessen, the passionately devoted reader, was *making* taste; Ellmann, the distinguished biographer, is at best following it. And this humility may seem to have its advantages – as when Ellmann follows Yvor Winters and Scott Momaday in printing Frederick Goddard Tuckerman, whom

Matthiessen overlooked. But it doesn't work that way; Ellmann still has to decide what Tuckerman poems to print. And, lacking taste, he prints the wrong ones. The anthologist has to be bold, confident, if necessary idiosyncratic. It is the only way to be fair. Without that confidence, though he thinks he is being humble, in fact he is being timid. And – odd as it must seem – timidity is ruthless, as boldness isn't. Karl Shapiro from Matthiessen in 1950 got ten pages and 16 poems; from Ellmann in 1976 he gets nothing at all. And yet Shapiro is alive and well, and writing, in California. So perhaps he has never redeemed his early promise. In fact, of course, Ellmann has made no decision at all. It is fashion that has decided; in 1950 Shapiro was fashionable, in 1976 he isn't – it is as simple as that.

What all of us British reviewers have said, however we differ among ourselves, is that American poetry is altogether richer and more various than Ellmann (apparently) realises. It is the opposite of what might have been predicted of us spiteful and resentful Limeys; and let us, for once, give ourselves a round of applause. Ellmann has sold American poetry short. That's why we've all protested at exclusions not inclusions. (Though the inclusions too call for comment – for instance, the way that Black sentiment has to be placated not just by Phyllis Wheatley, that pathetic token negress of 200 years ago, but by Gwendolyn Brooks and Leroi Jones as well.) The minute we begin thinking of names that might be here but aren't, we are appalled: to limit ourselves to the girls (Women's Lib please copy), not only has Ellmann discarded Matthiessen's Edna St Vincent Millay and Elinor Wylie, but Léonie Adams, Lorine Niedecker, Catherine Davis, Mina Loy, Louise Bogan, Janet Lewis, Sara Teasdale – not one of them is here.

The Oxford Books, of course, aren't designed for classroom use. No notes at all – biographical, explanatory, or textual. (And Ellmann has dispensed with even the 'Bibliographical Note' that Matthiessen felt the need of.) Still, Philip Larkin's Oxford Book is certainly prescribed for college classes in this country; and it will be surprising if Ellmann's anthology doesn't commend itself to instructors in America. What image of his national tradition will a sophomore in American Literature get from a book like this? A sprawl of free associations, carried on a perpetually self-renewing and obscurely excited unmetred rhythm, egotistical and exhibitionist yet at the same time 'oceanic' and fraternally expansive . . . of course this isn't an accurate description of Walt Whitman. But it is what Whitman will seem to be to the sophomore, who will embrace the marvellous freedom of self-expression that poetry on this showing represents, and will in no time at all be writing 'poems' of his own that read wonderfully like Galway Kinnell. And from others of his classic authors he can learn lessons no less valuable – from Emily Dickinson, for instance, how the only punctuation-stops that the poet needs are the dash and the exclamation-mark. . . which is a blessing indeed, since he can distinguish colon from semi-colon as little as iamb from trochee, or Persephone from Aphrodite.

Not that the American youngster won't

work at it. He will 'bone up' on Aphrodite with touching eagerness. But is that the point? American poetry as it is taught in the colleges is a paradise for people with everything to learn; and it has to be kept that way if jobs are to be found for teachers. This, I suspect, is the real significance of what for a while we all took seriously – the supposed rediscovery of a Whitmanesque tradition as opposed to that represented by Eliot and Pound (though the latter can be twisted to fit the Whitmanesque pattern). In a social democracy, the Whitmanesque means a do-it-yourself kit, where everyone starts democratically equal. One baleful figure in this development – here I agree with Alvarez – is certainly William Carlos Williams, who apart from anything else is surely the father of the all too many poets in this anthology who keep on about what they are doing, and how hard it is, instead of just doing it.

But the really decisive figure is the one behind Whitman, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Thirty or forty years ago there seemed a chance that Emerson would be dislodged from his position as the effective founding father of American poetry, but for many years now he has been thoroughly reinstated, and so long as Emerson's pronouncements carry authority, American poetry cannot be thought to have any 'tradition' in a sense that Europeans would understand. It cannot be anything but a series of Promethean explosions, generation by generation, each new poet a pioneer vowed to clearing the wilderness of the imagination on his own terms and with his own bare hands. In such a Promethean perspective there is no place for minor poets. But excellent and honourable minor poets exist in America, have existed and practised there through many generations. Emersonian anthologies like Ellmann's cannot do them justice; it falls to their British readers to honour them as they deserve.

T. R. Fyvel

Danger Zone

To Jerusalem and Back: A Personal Account by SAUL BELLOW *Alison Press/Secker & Warburg* £3.90

In a way *To Jerusalem and Back* is about two Jewish intellectuals in their sixties. Teddy Kollek is Vienna-born, with all the Viennese charm. He went to Palestine and for the last nine years has been the well-known Mayor of a Jewish-Arab, undivided Jerusalem – as Israel's capital. Saul Bellow himself, born to Canadian-Jewish immigrant parents, grew up in Chicago, where he still gives polymath university seminars and in the last ten years has produced three major novels about Jewish intellectuals fighting for their identity in a disintegrating American society, which have won him the Nobel Prize. All three novels are strikingly scornful about the New Left.

In his unceasing efforts to maintain the

Weidenfeld  Nicolson

Unity Mitford

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

£6.50

The highly controversial biography of Unity Mitford, the aristocratic young debutante who caused a sensation by her espousal of Nazism and her intimacy with Adolf Hitler. 'The meticulous documentation... is the outstanding achievement of David Pryce-Jones's painstaking and highly researched investigation'.
New Statesman

Kennedy

LORD LONGFORD

£5.95

An unusually sympathetic alliance of a biographer and his subject. Lord Longford, whose family and the Kennedys are united both by personal friendships and strong Irish Catholic heritage, reveals the influences and the stresses upon the young President who ran full tilt at life. From Hugh Fraser, Lord Caccia, Harold Macmillan, Lord Harlech and many others, Lord Longford draws personal recollections and gives his own controversial opinion.

Love Letters

An Anthology chosen by ANTONIA FRASER

£4.95

A personal collection of the most enchanting and evocative love letters ever written, ranging over the past two thousand years; from Scotland to Japan; from Henry VIII to Rosa Luxemburg. This is a book that will 'give delight to all comers – the loved and unloved, the loving and the stony-hearted'.

city's international links Kollek converted a set of old people's cottages into luxury apartments called 'dwellings of serenity', where eminent savants and artists from abroad could live and admire a unique view over the Old City and the Judean Wilderness. In one of these, Bellow stayed for a while last winter while his wife, a Gentile Rumanian mathematician, lectured at Jerusalem University. The result is Bellow's volume of reportage about an endangered, divided, conscience-torn, always exciting Israel, which appeared first in the *New Yorker*, and in enlarged and reorganised form in the present book.

Teddy Kollek occupies the foreground in Bellow's reflections – deservedly, I think, because he has developed a distinct personal stance towards the Israeli-Arab conflict, aware of its heartbreaking intensity, but reacting to it like a behaviourist, concerned above all with the here-and-now of the Middle East neurosis, being rational about the symptoms. I remember years ago driving with Kollek through the 'Arab Triangle', a solid area of Arab villages incorporated into Israel. 'We give them water, electricity, fertilisers and schools, but of course they are basically unhappy as Arab citizens of a Jewish state,' said Kollek. 'We can't make them happier – we can only provide them with water, electricity, fertilisers and schools.' The policy has broadly kept the 'Arab Triangle' not happy but at peace for 30 years.

Bellow was clearly fascinated by Kollek's work as a Jewish Mayor of Jerusalem who

was as neutral between Jews and Arabs (indeed at times leaning over to the Arab side) as was realistically possible. Seen through Bellow's eyes, Kollek seems almost like a fictional character, constantly driving through a Jerusalem where he knows every ancient alley and every modern building and garden and the names of respective philanthropic donors. Bellow was impressed with Kollek's easy connections with international personalities and institutions right round the world, and with his punctiliousness: 'He thinks of everything, never fails to consult you, remind you, thank you' – and this despite Kollek's daily round of visiting VIPs and recurring rows with obstreperous religious Jews, government departments, fellow-councillors or East Jerusalem Arabs.

Kollek, as Bellow noted, has had his setbacks: the greed of Israeli bankers and developers has resulted in some buildings of eyesore proportions. Even so, while uninterruptedly pushing his own building programme to make Israeli possession of the city a *fait accompli*, Kollek has never failed to build apartments, kindergartens and schools for Jews and Arabs alike. Still in office in part due to Arab support, Kollek is not so naïve, says Bellow, as to expect Arab gratitude and cooperation in return; he is out to show that through a fair and rational day-to-day approach to problems, temporary coexistence is possible, and so far the Jerusalem Arabs have broadly responded to the rationalism. 'Kollek,' Bellow writes, 'is Israel's most valuable political asset.'

Beyond Kollek's Jerusalem, Bellow, as a contemplative visitor from Chicago, savoured the beauty of the Israeli landscape and brooded over the country's future. In diary form he noted the extreme variety of Jewish views about Israel's future as he talked to veteran settlers, peace-loving writers and academics, voluble new Soviet immigrants and to Premier Rabin, without finding much ease in Zion. As he noted, there were the unalterable facts of the past: European anti-Semitism, Jewish nationalism that chose a return to Palestine, war and the holocaust, the proclamation of Israel, the Palestinian exodus that remained a thorn in Israel's flesh. As a result here was a Jewish state within an Arab world which by its Islamic tradition could not – or could not yet – accept a separate state in its midst, least of all one of the once-despised Jews. Four wars had left a legacy of bureaucracy, inflation, some militarist thinking and some corruption in an increasingly oriental Israeli society. Territorial concessions alone could not satisfy the Arabs, Premier Rabin told Bellow; one had to wait patiently for the Arab states to recognise Israel as an established fact. But wait for how long, wondered Bellow, even as he noted the remarkable Israeli resilience in industry and agriculture, in defence and culture.

Bellow's jottings show his anxieties concentrating on three points. The first was the new Soviet anti-Semitism: here the future of Moscow's policy had to be left as an enigma. Secondly, there was Israel's now complete dependence upon the United States. Joseph Alsop had just published an open letter to an Israeli friend, warning Israel not to press too hard against a United States policy based on her Arab interests. A half-objective, half-menacing talk with a State Department expert on this point left Bellow with a sick headache. A smooth conversation with Henry Kissinger, who assured Bellow of his unending sympathy for Israel's cause, did not reassure Bellow – he found reassurance only in American popular pro-Israeli sentiment. For instance, Bellow thought that Israel should long ago under proper safeguards have given the Arabs of the West Bank the right of political self-determination. He was pleased to see his most practical American Zionist friend talking of mobilising American-Jewish opinion to press such a policy upon Israel.

The third point in Bellow's jottings is his appalled noting of the readiness of the New Left simply to write off Israel. There was Professor Noam Chomsky writing that 'with supreme cynicism' the American militarists welcomed the threat to Israel, equated with a threat to American interests, because they required a frightened population to carry out their capitalist military policies. There was Sartre, ostensibly neutral, yet seeing a solution in an anti-bourgeois revolution of 100 million Middle-East Arabs – as Bellow comments: 'After an ecstatic time of murder will come peace and justice.' There were the pro-PLO Jewish journalists on *Le Monde*, shrugging their shoulders evasively over the 30,000 dead in the civil war in Lebanon: or was it 40,000? At the end of this sad and sensitive book, Bellow is left still emotionally committed to Israel and as firmly as ever opposed to a Western Left which, as he sees it, is ready to accept any

Xmas Treats

Burgundy: Vines and Wines

John Arlott and Christopher Fielden

Illustrated Colour and Black & White £10.00

'A well-rounded book, full of body and bouquet.' *Signature*

This Nutrition Business

John Yudkin £4.50

'A guide to good eating.' *Daily Telegraph*

The Natural Garden

Roger Grounds £3.95

'A book to treasure and follow in every respect.' *Home and Country*

The Man in the Street

David Marshall £3.75

A brilliant Runyonesque account of a dustman's life, as featured on television.



Davis-Poynter Ltd
20 Garrick Street
London WC2E 9BJ

Catalogue
available
on request

dictatorship, any barbaric oppression, provided it is communist or taking place in a communist-backed Third World country.

To Jerusalem and Back reminded me of a point made by a recent commentator who said that support for Israel in the West comes no longer from liberals guilty over anti-Semitism and Hitlerism, but from people who like to live vicariously through Israel as a country which stands up to communist and Third World pressure; which – as in Uganda – hits back when attacked, and which ignores the resolutions by the majority of dictatorships at the UN as they deserve. Not altogether true – Bellow, I am sure, would not see it so simple – but there's something in it.

Peter Wilby

Monument

Open University: A Personal Account by WALTER PERRY *Open University Press* £7.50
A Degree of Difference: A Study of the First Year's Intake of Students to the Open University by NAOMI E. MCINTOSH with JUDITH A. CALDER and BETTY SWIFT *Society for Research into Higher Education* £4.80

Even more today than when it first opened, the Open University is, as Jennie Lee described it, 'one glimmer of light in a dim world'. It is one of the few significant survivors of the last age of optimism in British radicalism, the mid-Sixties. The idea of a 'university of the air' combined, in a single slogan, the chief passions of those heady days – education, technological progress and equality. And, while most of the other grand designs of that era were swept away by economic cuts, freezes and squeezes, the Open University miraculously survived, to take its first students in 1971. It holds a very special place in Labour Party liturgy, alongside Nye Bevan and 'this great movement of ours'. Bevan, after all, was the greatest of self-educated men, and the Open University was the work of his widow, Jennie Lee, and his political heir, Harold Wilson. More than 100,000 undergraduates have taken OU courses and more than 15,000 have already graduated.

Sir Walter Perry, the University's Vice-Chancellor, has written an account of its birth and early development that is cogent and lively enough to interest the sort of general reader who might take an OU course, while being detailed and honest enough to satisfy the future historian. Both he and Professor McIntosh, in her statistical study of the first students, are at pains to expose as a half-truth the old charge that the OU fails to attract working-class entrants.

True, over 60 per cent of the first intake had two GCE A-level passes and, therefore, possessed the qualifications for entry to a conventional university. More strikingly, manual workers accounted for less than 10 per cent of the first male intake and, even

Hugh Cudlipp

Walking on the Water

'A very good book which will be invaluable to anyone interested in politics, in the press or in both. Cudlipp's sheer exuberance, his delight in what he is doing and what he has done, carries the reader with him.'

Alan Watkins T.L.S.

Illustrated £5.95

*...and other important books
published in 1976 by*

The Bodley Head

The Auden Generation

Literature and Politics in England in the 1930s

Samuel Hynes

£6.50

Hostages

The Personal Testimony of a Soviet Jew

Grigory Svirsky

£4.95

Turning Points

Lord Wolfenden

£4.00

FICTION

William Trevor

The Children of Dynmouth

£3.50

Alexander Solzhenitsyn

Lenin in Zurich

£3.75

Philip Callow

The Story of My Desire

£3.50

Josef Svorecky

Miss Silver's Past

£3.50



“Just
how long-term
is ITT’s
commitment
to Britain?”

Although there were some tentative signs of business recovery in the UK earlier this year, the underlying lack of confidence in Britain's economic future persists.

At a time like this a multinational company like ITT might well be expected to be re-thinking its long-term commitment to Britain and considering alternative countries for investment.

But it isn't.

On the contrary, ITT's commitment to Britain is, if anything, deeper now than ever before.

For example, during 1974 and 1975, ITT invested no less than £30 million in British research and development alone.

This year's investment should bring the three year total to upwards of £47 million.

Significantly, several projects have been undertaken in the sure knowledge that there is not the remotest hope of recouping their costs before the mid 1980's.

The implications of such a policy are clear.

ITT didn't become successful by planning a new product or service and then not being around to reap the reward when it was launched.

And now is no time to change the habits of a lifetime.

ITT companies in Britain include: Abbey Life Assurance, Ashe Laboratories, Excess Insurance, ITT Consumer Products, Rimmel, Sheraton, Standard Telephones and Cables and Standard Telecommunication Laboratories.

For further information, including the latest edition of a 20-page publication "Facts about ITT in Europe," please write to 190 Strand, London WC2R 1DU.

The logo consists of the letters 'ITT' in a very bold, stylized, blocky font. The letters are black and have a high-contrast, almost graphic quality.

BOOKS MAKE GREAT PRESENTS



SUPERPIG

William Rushton

Men, simply look on this as your life support. There is no such thing as a domestic crisis.

'very, very funny'
Economist

Cheerfully illustrated throughout by Rushton.

£3.95

PICASSO'S MASK

André Malraux

'This important book exists on at least four levels: as an affectionate memoir, an analysis of Picasso's genius, a detailed commentary on much of his work and a discussion of the significance of art in the modern world'

Publishers Weekly
Illustrated £6.50

THE GOOD GARDENER'S GUIDE

Edited by

Frances Perry

A compact and comprehensive guide.

'An ideal guide to indoor and outdoor cultivation'

Garden News
Over 550 full colour photographs 1200 diagrams £4.95



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

John Stewart Collis

A biography of rare imaginative power by one of our foremost literary figures.

'A crisp freshness of approach; it is beautifully written . . . and it seethes with content'

John Raymond, Sunday Times
£5.50

MACDONALD & JANE'S
8 Shepherdess Walk London N1

in 1975, the proportion had reached only 14 per cent, which seemed, on the face of it, far less than the proportion of working-class students in other universities. But, of course, the intake of other universities is classified according to the father's occupation, not the student's own occupation. On this measure, OU students from working-class backgrounds were always in a majority.

Naturally, they are not typical of people from working-class backgrounds. Most of them went to higher-status schools, stayed longer and amassed more qualifications than their contemporaries with similar social origins. Only 17 per cent of the first intake, for example, had failed to acquire any O-levels. (The proportion in the population at large is over 60 per cent.) They have achieved what McIntosh describes as an 'astonishing' degree of upward social mobility. Even within their chosen occupations, their incomes tend to be above average. OU students are not under-achievers, but over-achievers; they have been selected more often than they have been rejected. Far from being deprived (except of higher education), they have done well out of life, educationally, socially and materially. The OU has not dropped a ladder to the socially depressed but given an extra push to those already on their way up.

It was unrealistic to expect more, and it is doubtful that the University's founders ever did. Lack of money, poor housing conditions, short holidays, shift-work, dependence on overtime – these physical constraints alone are enough to deter working-class entrants. An OU degree isn't cheap. Including books, stationery and travel to summer schools, the cost has been estimated at around £600 – substantially more than either a part-time polytechnic degree or a London University external degree taken by correspondence – and McIntosh shows that manual, clerical and shop workers among the OU students are less likely than most to get financial support from their employers,

either in assistance with fees or in paid leave to attend summer schools. It takes an exceptionally determined working man to surmount such problems in order to take an academic course of dubious relevance to daily life and promotion prospects on the factory floor. As McIntosh points out, the inevitably standardised content of OU lectures and course materials involves unconscious assumptions about 'verbal and numerical facility, the use of language and cultural background'.

It would be unthinkable mean-spirited to begrudge OU students the opportunity to study for and acquire university degrees. Yet, because British education has been such a scarce commodity for so long, rationed largely along lines of social class, we must ask whether the University provides the bootstraps for the right people. If OU students are already doing well professionally, do they really need degrees to help them do better?

The alternative to the OU was an Open School or Open College, for which a detailed scheme existed in 1965. This might have been aimed at those who were consistently rejected by the education system and had got nothing out of it at all. It would have concentrated on lower-level, more technical, more vocational courses that might have assisted unskilled and semi-skilled manual workers to become skilled workers and technicians and thus might have improved the efficiency of British industry. The sociological knowledge of radical OU lecturers might have reached those who actually suffered social disadvantages and who could have used its insights to improve their working and living conditions. It could have made greater use than the OU of existing institutions, such as technical colleges and trade unions, and integrated its courses and teaching styles more closely with the student's immediate environment.

Fanciful? No more so than the OU seemed in the mid-Sixties. Sir Walter Perry

David Harsent

Birds Flocking on Lindisfarne

That reckless voice, high-pitched, right through the night,
and wind belling the darkness . . .
He chipped away at something in his workroom.

Next day, driving north,
he almost killed them both on one tight bend
(she moaned as the wicked drift hollowed her spine),
then they were on the causeway;
seabed boulders,
weed swaying like crops on either side.

As if a year had passed
they modelled themselves against the granite skyline
haunch by haunch,
she with her queenly smile
letting him put his hand inside her dress.

The first gull came
racing out of the sun in a pure curve;
and then the rest –
shrill, fine-boned hysterics – mobbed the shore,
enraged by the scent of leavings in the surf.

admits that an Open College was and is a more urgent social need. But, he writes, it would not have had the political clout of the OU proposal. The idea of open education required some glamorous gesture that would capture the national imagination. 'Dustman gets degree' (even if it's only one dustman) is a better headline than 'Dustman gets O-level'. And OU students, as McIntosh has described them, occupy precisely that middle ground of politics that all three political parties try to woo in elections.

The drift of Sir Walter's argument is that, once established, open education on the OU model can be extended to other educational areas. I would put it the other way about. The very success of the OU implies that governments have done their bit for educational deprivation. In the simplest sense, it has taken up the money, the air time, the manpower and the political energy that might have gone into an Open College. More subtly, it has salved the Labour Party's conscience about the neglected causes of further and adult education. The Russell Report of 1973 has been quietly shelved. The Open College idea was briefly revived by Lord Crowther-Hunt when he was at the Department of Education last year, but little has been heard of it since.

The OU is magnificent: it is the major educational achievement of this century, a national monument fit to set alongside Westminster Abbey or the monarchy or the Festival of Britain. And are not all such monuments built to avert our eyes from real need, real deprivation, real problems?

John Sturrock

Dashing Off

The World of Alphonse Allais edited by Miles Kingdon Chatto £4.50

Alphonse Allais was the busiest and, in my experience, the funniest of French humorous writers of the 1890s. He created nothing so hauntingly grotesque as Alfred Jarry's bloated egotist, Père Ubu, but neither did he decline into the preciousness which makes so much of Jarry tedious or obscure. He wrote for various papers – some permanent, others quick-folding – and for cabaret in Montmartre. His best work is narrative: cynical and impossible stories which take a dim, uncomplicated view of contemporary human nature. Because Allais's humour is so fantastic and so black it has worn exceptionally well, and many of his published pieces – there are more than 1,000 of them to choose from – remain as droll as ever.

Allais has never before been translated into English, so Miles Kingdon's idea of an anthology was a good one. He has chosen its contents sensibly, and his English versions are free and dashing: they really do echo the breathless prose of Allais himself – an improvident fellow who was regularly

surprised by his deadlines and compelled, or so Sacha Guitry remembered, to make up the required wordage at the last minute seated at some café table. This relaxed method of composition was good for his style: these are not, as a rule, the slick, off-the-peg anecdotes of so many hard-worked humorists, but wandering, barely consequential pieces full of digressions, including more than once the author's formal apologies for failing either to get or to stick to the point. Allais is a friendly and inventive writer; his padding is every bit as attractive as his plots.

He was, as a man, the complete Bohemian: hard-up, lustful, a heavy drinker and, so far as one can see, an anarchist. Kingdon was wrong to have presented him so casually, as if afraid that anything so dry as an editorial note might brush the hoped-for smile from our lips. His preface is mostly sales talk when we could have done with research; Allais's are funny pieces but they are also period pieces, and they work better still if this can be brought out. Take 'Patriotism on the Cheap', his 'open letter' to Paul Déroulède, in which Allais affects a comprehensively vicious phobia of Germans – 'I hate eight-year-old Bavarian girls. I hate Pomeranian centenarians. I hate old ladies in Frankfurt-am-Main and street urchins in Königsberg' – and suggests that the cheapest way of exterminating them would be germ warfare. Why not a note here to explain who Déroulède was, to wit the unspeakable president of the Ligue des Patriotes, which

PRINCE CHARLES

In Books and Bookmen:
'A very funny and most charming book, which is a pure delight to read ...'

Queen Victoria was Amused

'... ALAN HARDY has succeeded in presenting the Queen as a most intriguing character whose zest for life permeated those around her right up until the day of her death.'
12 pages of photographs £5.50

The Flesh is Frail

'Here is ebullience, bawdiness, capriciousness, mordant wit, self-irony — in short a man who was charged with dynamism.' The Times Literary Supplement reviewing Volume 6 of Byron's Letters and Journals, edited by LESLIE A. MARCHAND.
frontispiece £5.95

To the King's Taste

You don't need a fireplace big enough to roast an ox to produce these delicious and unusual recipes — spiced Brie and egg tart, chicken in milk and honey, etc — which delighted Richard II and his guests. LORNA SASS has skilfully blended scholarship, social history and cookery.
66 line illustrations £2.95



MAGNUS PYKE Butter Side Up!

In the hands of Magnus Pyke a bottle of ketchup can demonstrate the principle of thixotropy. Following up many of the trails started during ITV's *Don't Ask Me* and heading off on many new ones, Dr Pyke reveals the delights of science.
Drawings by folkies, photographs £3.95

Now in paperback

JOHN BETJEMAN Summoned by Bells

Stephen Spender: 'One seems to be living his childhood and boyhood with him.' John Betjeman's evocative verse autobiography is now in paperback with an additional poem and new illustrations. £1.75.

The revue *Betjemanian* opens at the Shaw Theatre, London on December 8.

Artists on Art

Edited by ROBERT GOLDWATER and MARCO TREVES. 'What a priceless debate unfolds before us when the opinions on art of all the artists are gathered together ... the arguments rage, sometimes wittily, sometimes turgidly, but always with a depth of passion which makes compulsive reading. Five hundred exhilarating pages.' Benny Green in the *Spectator* over
100 illustrations
paperback £3.50



JOHN MURRAY

stood for extreme nationalism and revenge on Germany for the military fiascos of 1870? Allais's 'open letter' is a topical and committed satire.

His values were, as values no doubt should be, insultingly simple. His anti-militarism dated back to his unsuccessful spell of national service, when he is reported to have greeted the board of officers deliberating on his premature demobilisation with the incorrigibly civilian words 'Bonjour, messieurs-dames.' This is all of a piece with his loathing for bureaucracy, and his idealisation of the less costive societies of North America. In 1893, with a group of friends, he put up a spoof candidate for a government election in the ninth *arrondissement* of Paris: Captain Cap, heroic boozier and adventurer, who was anti-Europe and anti-bureaucracy. Cap's programme was a mixture of the homely and the absurd; on the one hand he demanded that the tax on bicycles be abolished, on the other the elimination of the Butte Montmartre, either by removing it or by raising the level of the rest of Paris so that it no longer showed. Cap got 176 votes and a disproportionate amount of publicity.

If Allais's writings are anything to go by, his own belief was that the world needed not sound administration but compliant and desirable girls and free alcohol. His stories involve much honest toying and many amoral brunettes, who fornicate promptly and efficiently. It is noticeable that the only time God appears in this anthology it is as a gate-crasher at a party of atheistic

rowdies. A few measures of absinthe inside him, and the obsolete old gentleman is ready to agree with his hosts that he does not exist.

In his preface Kington chides the French for having neglected Allais, and hopes he may find a securer home in Britain. This is unfair; there have been a large number of anthologies of Allais's writing published in French since the war, and one complete, almost scholarly edition. Far from being ripe only for export to these allegedly more hospitable shores, Allais stands, along with Jarry, at the head of the most dazzling and highly educated tradition of French humour, as witty as it is whimsical, whose supreme institution is the Collège de 'Pataphysique and which includes such genial, comical masters as René Clair, the late Raymond Queneau and that post-war phenomenon Boris Vian. French humorists have not just cherished Allais, they have learnt from him; we can share him without claiming him for our own.

Martin Amis

Nice and Nasty

Four Crowded Years: The Diaries of Auberon Waugh 1972-1976 *Private Eye/Deutsch* £2.75

The Book of Bores by RICHARD INGRAMS, MICHAEL HEATH and BARRY FANTONI *Private Eye/Deutsch* 75p

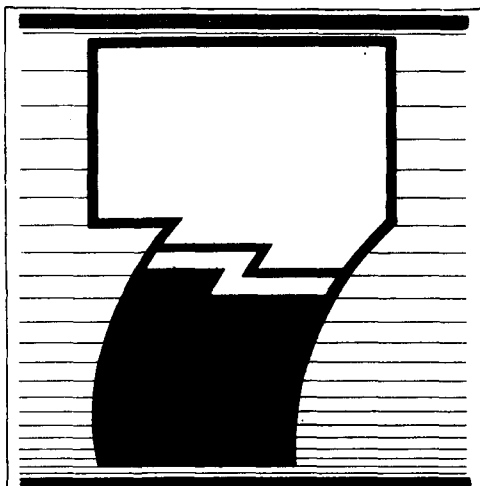
Lord Gnome of the Rings: The Best of Private Eye 1976 *Private Eye/Deutsch* £1.50

Auberon Waugh is supposed to be one of those writers you either love or hate, or love to hate, or hate to love, or whatever. The unsayable things he says may have something to do with this. In these *Diaries* (the work of his most ghoulish and wayward incarnation, the *Private Eye* columnist) Mr Waugh would appear to be racist, misogynistic and anti-Semitic; he loathes the 'workers' (any mention of these curious people and Waugh goes for his inverted commas), jeers cheerfully at the aged and distraught (simply being old always strikes him as a particularly outlandish state to be in), takes real pleasure in the madness and infirmity of others (up to and including their death), and believes – to take a random trio – that the 'lower classes' should return to domestic service, that soccer hooligans should have their arms and legs cut off, and that suspect government ministers should resign 'if there are reasonable grounds for believing that they have gone to the lavatory' (quite right too. This is a most disgusting habit). No, a modern liberal Mr Waugh is not. Indeed, saying the unsayable – that firm ingredient of all right-wing humour – is his *forte*, his *raison*. Nowadays, of course, there are more unsayable things to say than ever before, and it is this priggish wariness which, apart from provoking Waugh to abuse modern times, makes modern times so well suited to his abuse.

The appropriate attitude to take to Mr Waugh, then, would seem to be one of sober admiration. He is not only enjoyably nasty: he is enjoyably nasty about a dozen times a month, in a variety of publications. (Evelyn's laconic verdict in *his* recent *Diaries* – 'Bron is lazy, but not very stupid' – looks more and more ungenerous.) Mr Waugh has, after all, no favourites; he searches for the worst in everyone; so long as you are down, you may be sure that he will kick you. Nearly all his causes are inequitable, his attacks unprovoked, his vendettas motiveless (I can't assess the details of his political judgments, but I can tell that he has little feeling for serious literature and none whatever for poetry). The whimsical conceit of Waugh's pronouncements, however, is basic to their ironic point. People have been trying to pretend for centuries that certain things can *never* be the just object of humour, and yet our shameful, gloating sniggers continue to assert that what is unjust may still be funny. Like so much else, it is merely a question of good writing.

Waugh's persona in the *Diaries* is that of prince-elect of England, grander than anyone alive, courted everywhere by the beautiful and the great, while occasionally shedding his robes to mingle incognito with his subjects. He has tea once a week with the Queen, and is in a position to decline all invitations to Downing Street until Heath stops 'describing the horrible thing which appears to have happened to his face as a "splendid nautical suntan"'. Waugh has, apparently, played a part in most of the important events of our lifetimes and is even now shaping the country's destiny. (To take two disparate examples, he led a campaign, after the war, to have Churchill hanged; and he warned the *Observer* that it would have to fold if it went on employing Lorna Sage.) He is also – on account of his colossal good looks – sexually ubiquitous too. Waugh it was who fathered Rose Dugdale's incarcerated love-child, and who surprised the Duchess of Bedford in that hotel in Manchester: 'I can't complain [about her frank autobiography], as she says nothing to identify me and describes me as a "superb lover".' That man again.

In accordance with his station in life, Waugh describes everyone he comes across on these crowded pages in terms of Parnasian contempt. His sixth-form censures are at once impulsive and final; he has only about five or six ways of being disapproving, and most people merit at least two barbs from his slender adjectival quiver. Thus, Robert Carr is 'our boring and dirty-minded Home Secretary', the Rev. Marcus Morris 'a sanctimonious and dirty-minded clergyman'; Vanessa Redgrave is 'the hideous, boring actress', Captain Mark Phillips is a 'hideous young tradesman', Barbara Castle is 'our revoltingly ugly Secretary for Social Services' (twice), and Kenneth Tynan has 'a dirty gleam in his hideous, yellowing eyes'; as soon as a character has been sufficiently humiliated by Waugh's pen, he can be slapped down in shorthand – 'this bossy maniac' (Andrew Faulds), 'this constipated old brute' ('Shandy' Gordon-Lennox); and his invective is surprisingly impartial in its hysteria, whether he is belabouring the 'workers' –



Seven, the Number of Creation Desmond Varley

"Those who respond to number-symbolism will be held enthralled by the author's astonishing virtuoso performance on the theme and variation of the number seven . . . Ranges knowledgeably through alchemy, astronomy, folklore, philosophy, religion and psychology to expound his thesis: that this number symbolises a mystery which unravelled, contains the meaning of the universe."

Church Times (192 pages £4.95 net)

Bell

6 Portugal Street London WC2A 2HL

The sad truth is . . . that 'workers' are so stupid, so cowardly and so incompetent, even in the pig-like pursuit of what they imagine to be their own interests . . .

— or the upper classes, as here represented by Mountbatten of Burma —

He has all the necessary qualities, being rich and German and very very nasty, and so old that he will probably be dead before long.

You wouldn't expect that such monotone savagery would sustain its brio at book length. It does, though. One reason for this is that Waugh cleverly insulates himself by having the *Diaries* 'edited' by a ponderous, humourless (and fictitious) academic, a certain 'N. R. Galli', whose dour interpolations and footnotes are the perfect foil to Waugh's frenzied flights (Podgorny and Shelepin bear the same unsmiling rubric — 'Russian politician and mass murderer'). The other reason, of course, is that Waugh writes with relaxed elegance as well as with scabrous bite. Final, festive recommendation: *The Diaries of Auberon Waugh* is, by modern standards, virtually free; give it, or get it, for Christmas.

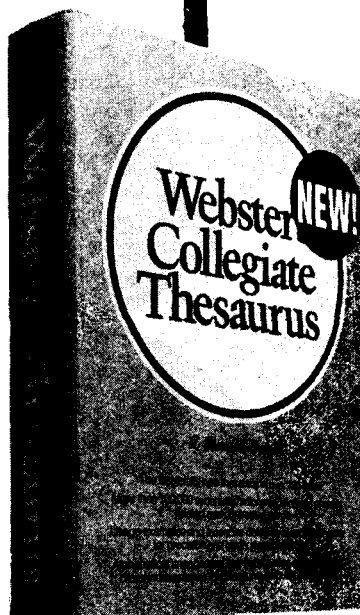
Well worth a look, too, is *The Private Eye Book of Bores*, a collection of violent cartoons and soporific monologues in which Ingrams, Heath and Fantoni evoke — with appalling accuracy — the most dreaded bore-types of the present day. They include the loud-mouthed womaniser ('Javanese birds are the worst . . .'), the yob boozier ('Christ did I shift some yesterday . . .'), the wolverine greengrocer ('70p for five pounds of potatoes yer I know terrible init . . .'), and the garrulous cabbie, who makes his fare crane forward in his seat, the better to hear what he does not want to listen to. An alert and observant little anthology, it is rather better value than *Lord Gnome of the Rings*, a selection of the satirical matter printed in the magazine. This has been a troubled period for Lord Gnome, and his paper has shown it. Like *Private Eye* itself, the *Best of* is quite funny, but not funny quite often enough.

Paul Addison

Carry on Winnie

Footprints in Time by JOHN COLVILLE *Collins*
£4.95

It is steadily becoming clear that the second world war was the golden age of British comedy. Anyone steeped in the memoirs of the period will recall how the British people, putting a brave face on their sorrows, determined to turn the occasion into a barrel of laughs. And rolling out the barrel — for every laugh was a blow against Hitler, who obviously lacked a sense of the ridiculous — was that great old vaudeville trouper, Winston S. Churchill. Sure enough, in John Colville's memoirs he appears at the darkest hour of 1940 pacing up and down the garden of 10 Downing Street singing 'Run, Rabbit, Run', and observing that he and



Triple First!

The first Thesaurus alphabetically arranged

The first Thesaurus with a concise definition for each main entry

The first Thesaurus fully cross-referenced

Webster's Collegiate Thesaurus, the first totally new thesaurus for over 120 years, has over 100,000 synonyms, antonyms, idiomatic phrases, related and contrasted words.

For home, the office, for school or even for Christmas for £8.75

We bring life to words

**Longman
Dictionaries &
Reference Books**

ALAN SILLITOE The Widower's Son

A major new novel of love and war, written with the directness and style that has become so widely admired, about a Nottinghamshire man who, totally cut off from his beginnings, finally comes to know what he wants from life. £3.95

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS Memoirs

"A searing autobiography, as dramatic as any of his superb plays. Williams writes with brutal honesty . . . one of the most extraordinarily candid books I have ever read" — VALERIE HALL. Illus. £4.95

W.H. ALLEN

A Howard & Wyndham Company

Hitler had only one thing in common – a dislike of whistling. There is a celebrated and true story of his first response on being told that Rudolf Hess had landed in Scotland: 'Hess or no Hess, I'm going to see the Marx Brothers.'

Indeed, we may be forgiven for imagining at times that Churchill was himself a kind of Anglo-Saxon Groucho, stalking through Whitehall accompanied by a small band of inspired lunatics. His intimates all carried with them menacing overtones of slapstick: in the presence of Bracken, Beaverbrook and 'Prof.' Lindemann, there was always a hint in the air of the concealed water pistol, or the stink bomb about to be detonated. Beaverbrook's humour was certainly a minority taste. Mrs Simpson, for example, had been very distressed when bricks were hurled through her dining-room window at the time of the abdication crisis. But this, as it now appears, was just a bit of Max's fun. Churchill by contrast had a benign and effervescent flair for nonsense, and enjoyed sending himself up. Naturally he did not *intend* to invite Irving Berlin to lunch under the impression that he was the same person as Isaiah Berlin; but the ensuing conversation was a lasting gift to the realm of the absurd.

John Colville was there to record the scene – along with many others which he now presents to us in this enjoyable and finely executed 'series of autobiographical sketches'. In the course of his career Colville has been a diplomat, a fighter pilot, a merchant banker and private secretary to three prime ministers – Chamberlain, Churchill and Attlee – as well as to Princess Elizabeth. It is reasonable to suppose that his career in public life depended upon the highest skill in the art of not spilling the beans, so he is hardly likely to spill them now. But if there are no major revelations in his book, there is a long string of intriguing minor ones

deftly threaded together. The author kept a diary during the war, and there is serious interest to be found in his accounts of such episodes as the attempted Anglo-French union of 1940, or Churchill's flying visit to Athens as dictator of Greece in 1944. He provides a cutting little tale of civil-service meanness over the distribution of honours. A cleaning lady called Mrs Brown picked out of a Whitehall gutter the detailed plans for the allied invasion of North Africa, and they were safely restored to the top-secret files. Churchill fought the entire Whitehall establishment in order to get her a DBE, and included her name in his resignation honours list: someone struck that one name off again.

Colville is evidently discreet about high politics, and has in any case written about them elsewhere. His strong suit is social comedy. A highly intelligent observer, he gives the impression of being a natural satirist whose instincts of kindness and tact restrict him to burlesque. Still, who could be unkind at the expense of Lord Mottistone? This very old friend of Churchill appeared at Downing Street one morning in June 1940 in the full dress uniform of his office as Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire. He handed in a piece of paper which bore the message: 'Hampshire is behind you.' Churchill first of all shook with laughter, and then wept. The old upper class possessed a real charm which Mrs Thatcher will seek in vain. There is one post-war story with a similar classic stamp. Colville, having returned to the Foreign Office, wrote a memorandum arguing that it would be sensible for the British to quit Cyprus. Ernest Bevin, who was Foreign Secretary at the time, summoned Colville, told him that Cyprus would stay British as long as he was in charge, and urged him to take a holiday: 'Take my advice: go to 'ove. The air at 'ove is wonderful.'

Benedict Nightingale

All Go

Tyrone Guthrie by JAMES FORSYTH *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95

'Push the monstrosity in the river' was Tyrone Guthrie's proposal for the future of that dark-red crematorium-like structure that passes itself off as our Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. It was a remark characteristic of the man's bluntness, his mistrust of institutions, his disrespect for theatrical convention and, perhaps, his prescience. If we no longer regard posh buildings, large auditoria and proscenium arches as the end-all of effective drama, it is in no small measure due to his experiments in a tent at Stratford, Ontario, his work on the 'thrust' stage in Minneapolis, his knack for planting audiences, actors and plays where others could see only a barn, a riverboat, a castle courtyard, or the Assembly Hall of the Kirk of Scotland. But not many influences manage to be benign all the time. Whenever we totter out of an Elizabethan classic exasperated by the gratuitous horseplay, the chopped text, the Spanish Civil War or modern-Eskimo costumes, and the apparent eagerness of the director to use the play as a forum for his puny musings about society, we should put a little of the blame on the example of Guthrie. As Kenneth Tynan wrote of a characteristic *All's Well*:

On the one hand we have the great conductor, the master of visual orchestration, conceivably the most striking director alive when there are more than six people on-stage, on the other, his zany Doppelgänger, darting about with his pockets full of fireworks, and giving members of the orchestra hot-feet whenever genuine feeling threatens to impend.

I don't know to what extent James Forsyth would endorse such judgments. He is more interested in bustling us from boyhood in Tunbridge Wells to death in Ulster, and filling us in on every part and parcel of the fact-packed interim, than in examining, analysing, interpreting and concluding. The book is rather like its subject's work, abrim with energy and business, but somehow lacking in subtlety and depth. We learn much about Guthrie's dealings with Flora Robson (to whom he was briefly engaged), Olivier, Lilian Baylis, Marie Tempest (whose termagant heart he won by asking her why she was 'such a bitch'), Guinness, Charles Laughton and Richardson (who responded to a Guthrie brusqueness with 'don't call me a bloody fool, old cock'), not to mention a supporting cast of hundreds; but I, for one, left the cacophony of names, places, productions and passing events not quite sure why Mr Forsyth thought so highly either of the man or of his work.

To be sure, two dimensions of the answer are there. We see the caricature-maestro at rehearsal, a giant in sneakers, slapping his hands together with a great crash before barking out some devastating order. A chorus, proving too refined for *The Beggar's Opera*, is told to remember it is 'whores in

Beer naturally

How your pint is made
by Michael Hardman
photographs by Theo Bergström

Paperback £2.50 casebound £3.75

Bergstrom + Boyle Books Ltd
22 Maddox Street London W1.
Telephone 01-629 5095

TAKE A LOOK UNDER THE COVERS.

**MOWBRAYS
BOOKSHOP**

28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus. Tel: 01-580 2812.

Ted Hughes

The Womb

Ponders
In its dark tree

Like a crucifix, still empty –
Dreaming rituals of moon-religions.

Fruitless dream after dream

Stains the feet of that tree
With salty drops of pain.

Between the fullness of its root
And the emptiness of its arms

It swells
A bud of hunger.

It blooms
A splitting sweetness.

It sings, through its flower
A silent lament

For the dark world
Hanging on its dark tree.

a whorehouse, not typists at tea'. An actress, mooning through the part of Jessica, gets a karate chop on the leg and a howl of 'silly little bitch'. Those turning up for an audition are asked two questions only, 'can you sing?' and 'what is your religion?'. We learn how it was that Guthrie's crowd scenes were so memorable, his walk-ons so carefully individualised. As he explained to an inquisitive lady, 'Madam, you have to know their bloody names.' But how did he coax a great Hamlet from Guinness? What work did he do on a text before bringing it to the drill-hall of the theatre? Was he fair to himself when he declared that 'I can hammer and browbeat people into a galvanic performance, but am not successful in gently leading them into an intellectual one'? Here Mr Forsyth is surprisingly mum, though for reasons not altogether in his control.

If Guthrie does emerge as something of a caricature, more tyrant than Tyrone, it is perhaps because he liked to present himself as such. He regarded the display of personal feeling as self-indulgent, and proved pretty intolerant when his wife of many years drank herself into alcoholism and smoked herself into lung-cancer. She should have had more 'self-control'. This seeming imperviousness to others, this compulsive extroversion, clearly worries Mr Forsyth, who himself once took a painful problem to Guthrie, only to be told he was 'blubbing again'; and he makes what excuses he can for his old friend. He came, it seems, to resemble 'an over-energetic aunt', only happy if he was simultaneously directing Shakespeare in London, building a theatre in America and organising a domestic jam-making industry for Northern Ireland. A progressively dickier heart did little to constrain him. Perhaps the truth was that he sublimated his own frustrations, his own neuroses in work and more work, and expected others to be as constructive.

But what frustrations and neuroses? Well, Mr Forsyth allows the occasional oddity to slip into his guarded obsequies. Here was a man apt to address his mother as 'my dearest Tit', and to sign his student articles with a genial 'Oedipus Biggs'. *Oedipus* was, in fact, a play that obsessed him throughout his career and, if we're to trust contemporary reports, provoked him to productions of quite unusual feeling and power. His somewhat eccentric view was that the tragic hero was particularly stricken by 'the discovery that it was his mother who gave him away'. Perhaps his boyhood exile to one of the more soldierly public schools was a more disabling experience than Mr Forsyth suggests. At all events, it isn't surprising his marriage deteriorated, pleasantly companionable though it seems to have been at first. He once said it was 'high time science discovered a more satisfactory method of producing children', and had none himself. Indeed, he and his wife reputedly sought someone to tell them 'rather late in the day', as Guthrie put it, 'the facts of life'. The doctor, says Mr Forsyth, was 'utterly disarmed by their frank childishness'.

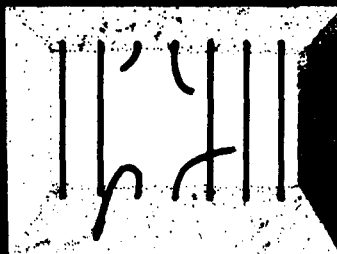
But there the anecdote frustratingly stops. No doubt it would be presumptuous to piece such snippets into a psychological case-study. It might also be dubiously relevant, since the private quirks of a director, whose job is to put other men's stuff onstage,

A brilliant new Storey



'In Pasmore David Storey refined and intensified all the themes of his imagined world and achieved his most perfect novel to date'
— Michael Ratcliffe
Times

Now published in Penguin together with a reissue of David Storey's acclaimed first novel THIS SPORTING LIFE.



ESCAPE ATTEMPTS
THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF RESISTANCE TO EVERYDAY LIFE

by **STANLEY COHEN**
and **LAURIE TAYLOR**

£5.50 Allen Lane

LORD HOME THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS

'An evocative, wonderfully good-natured autobiography.' Kenneth Rose, *Sunday Telegraph* £4.95

PHILIP ZIEGLER MELBOURNE

Masterly . . . it may easily be the best biography I have read for a decade.' C. P. Snow, *Financial Times* £6.50

JOHN COLVILLE FOOTPRINTS IN TIME

'The wittiest memoirs of the year.' *Daily Mail* £4.95

LENI RIEFENSTAHL THE PEOPLE OF KAU

'A magnificent book of African photographs.' *Guardian* £10.00

CELESTE ALBARET MONSIEUR PROUST

'A highly attractive and engaging work.' *The Tablet*
'Deeply interesting.' *Sunday Telegraph* £6.50

STANLEY AYLING THE ELDER PITT

'A rich and rewarding study.' John Raymond, *Sunday Times* £6.50

CATHERINE DUPRE JOHN GALSWORTHY

'Well organised, lively, sensible.' Angus Wilson, *The Observer* £5.95

Published by Collins

matter less than those of a writer, whose work will be directly influenced by them. Still, one often feels that Mr Forsyth is telling us less about his subject than he could. 'In princeliness as in sexuality there was much of Hamlet in him,' he declares, a plaudit that strikes me as strangely vague and wet. We hear no soliloquies, and see very little self-doubt. We get a fleeting glimpse of Hamlet in his mother's closet, another of him bickering with Ophelia. We see much, much more of him bustling about Elsinore, promoting enterprises of great pitch and moment. He might almost be Fortinbras.

Edward Boyle

Upbeat

Music – A Joy for Life by EDWARD HEATH
Sidgwick & Jackson £5.95

The best parts of Edward Heath's book on music reveal very clearly those qualities in him which his friends admire the most: his sincerity, his commitment, his gift of appreciation and his fearless integrity. For Mr Heath, as a professional politician, the love of music has never been a mere addendum to the more serious business of life; no one who heard it will forget his speech to the 1965 Conservative Party Conference in which, in tones of ringing conviction, he described the spontaneous enthusiasm of the Promenaders as an earnest of the Britain he hoped to see. He has always believed that a shared sense of the quality of life can be a constructive force making for greater national unity.

For me this book brings back many memories. I was sitting next to Mr Heath the night when Stokowski conducted Mahler's Resurrection Symphony at a 1963 Prom. I attended the Downing Street party to celebrate Sir William Walton's 70th birthday, which was every bit as delightful as Mr Heath makes it sound. Above all,

the photograph on page 62 of the opening bars of Richard Rodney Bennett's carol, composed for the Broadstairs Carol Concert of 1968, reminds me of the occasion when Mr Heath suggested I should come round early to his Albany flat for a working breakfast on party policy so that he could first play me this new composition. Never can the dedicatee of a work have been more pleased with it, and I vividly recall his enthusiasm as at 7.45 a.m. he sat down at the piano, unravelled the complex rhythms, and relished the conjunct dissonances punctuated by strong plain harmonies on the flattened seventh of the scale. 'This won't be easy for my choir,' he said, 'but we shall manage it'; I heard the performance and they did. 1968 was not an easy year politically for either of us; how I wish that more people could have experienced Mr Heath in this mood.

The grand set-piece of the book is Mr Heath's gripping account of his conducting of Elgar's *Cockaigne* Overture at the Gala Concert of the London Symphony Orchestra on 25 November 1971, just a month after his political triumph in the crucial Common Market debate. It is easy to overlook what a bold and courageous choice this was – as Mr Heath points out, Elgar himself had difficulties with the pause that comes near the very start – and I have found it a fascinating experience to listen to the recording again (it is still available) in the light of the conductor's own commentary. He chose this overture because, as he felt, 'it reminded us that we once had confidence in ourselves and needed to get it back'; and yet as he also admits, 'when it came to that arpeggio of the cellos, as we reached the end of the [young lovers'] scene, I could not help but dally over each note'. (His timing for the whole Overture is 16 minutes 20 seconds, nearly two minutes longer than Barbirolli's.) For me this intimate passage, and the *dolcissimo* version of the 'Londoner' theme that follows it, is at the heart of this performance, more than the final apotheosis of the theme where the balance is not perfect.

The best parts of the book are so good that one regrets to have to add that there are also certain faults. There are slips which should have been rectified, as when

we are told that the last movement of Mozart's Piano Concerto in C Minor K491 'expresses all its joy in the Rondo' – presumably a confusion with the finale of K488; and Schoenberg's *Erwartung*, completed in 1909 is misleadingly classified as a comparatively late work. Mr Heath's desire to encourage enthusiasm is evident all through, but one or two sections of the book, especially the chapter on record collecting, are rather perfunctory; it is surely not very helpful to provide a 'child's guide' to Piano Concertos which leaves out Tchaikovsky's in B Flat minor. Again, while we are all entitled to our views, it seems strange that he should wish to write off the whole of early 17th-century opera as 'not works of substance'; one wonders if he can really mean to apply that judgment to Monteverdi's *Poppaea*, which most opera-goers would regard as a music-drama of quite astonishing maturity by one of the greatest composers of the period. Lastly, considering the number of composers mentioned, I'm sorry French music gets so little attention; Debussy and Ravel are barely referred to, Fauré not at all, which is ironic since I recall Robert Armstrong, Mr Heath's private secretary at No. 10, once conducting the Treasury Singers in the best amateur performance of Fauré's Requiem I have ever heard.

No doubt some of the text had to be written in a hurry, but I wish there could have been rather more time for consideration, and for careful checking by an editorial adviser. Of course there are other places in the book when Mr Heath writes with real insight on works that appeal to him, like Strauss's *Ariadne*, and he makes a strong case for regarding the fairy-tale ending of the 1950s Glyndebourne production as greatly preferable to its more literal successor. Though I have never thought of Mr Heath as a Straussian 'hero', I have such admiration for him – and so little respect for most of his critics – that I feel I want to judge his books, like his other 'works of peace', by his own highest standards. And I hope that, for the sake both of music and of the nation, many years will elapse before, like Strauss's hero, he too feels the need for 'retirement and fulfilment'.

THE WORKS OF MAO TSETUNG

(TREASURES FOR REVOLUTION)

SELECTED WORKS OF MAO TSETUNG (Volume 1 - 4) Cloth £5.50; Paper £3.75 per set
(in English, French, German and Spanish) Postage 85p per set

SELECTED READINGS FROM THE WORKS OF MAO TSETUNG (in English and Spanish)
Cloth 75p and Paper 50p; Postage 47p

SELECTED MILITARY WRITINGS OF MAO TSETUNG (in English, French and Spanish)
Cloth £1.50 and Paper £1.00; Postage 55p

QUOTATIONS FROM CHAIRMAN MAO TSETUNG (Little Red Book) Plastic Cover 20p
(in English, French, German, Spanish, Arabic and Persian) Postage 15p

FOUR ESSAYS ON PHILOSOPHY (in English, German and Persian) Paper 20p; Postage 15p

MAO TSETUNG POEMS (39 Poems in English) Cloth 50p and Paper 30p; Postage 20p

Published by Foreign Languages Press, Peking, China

Send order to: GUANGHWA COMPANY, 7 - 9 Newport Place, London W.C.2. United Kingdom.

Free catalogue sent on request

Shop open: Monday to Saturday 10.30am - 7.00pm. Sunday 11.00am - 7.00pm.

Gillian Tindall

Grandfather's Footsteps

The Uses of Enchantment: the Meaning and Importance of Fairy Tales by BRUNO BETTELHEIM Thames & Hudson £6.50

For Dr Bettelheim, truth is not stranger than fiction, but fiction, in the form of the classic fairy tales and folk myths, is essentially truer than day-to-day fact. With their parade of younger sons, step-mothers, monsters, magic transformations, tasks to be accomplished, man-eating ogres and talking animals, such tales (says Bettelheim) speak directly to the child's Unconscious. By experiencing such things through the medium of fiction the child is enabled to face and cope with his own unspoken fears, desires and conflicts.

More important still, perhaps, fairy tales, despite their surface gloss of improbability, mostly take place in a world of highly-charged moral realism; they

direct the child to discover his identity and calling, they also suggest what experiences are needed to develop his character further. Fairy tales intimate that a rewarding, good life is within one's reach despite adversity – but only if one does not shy away from the hazardous struggles without which one can never achieve true identity.

You cannot effectively tell young children that we all have to mature, that everyone experiences conflict in their relationships with their parents, that running away from problems is no solution – but you can show them these things, in the safe guise of a symbolic fantasy, and in this way they will be able to absorb the valuable lessons at a deep level of awareness.

This, in brief, is what *The Uses of Enchantment* says at infinitely greater length, and few thoughtful people today would quarrel with this view. What a pity, then, that Dr Bettelheim should consistently present his wise, well-substantiated but quite unexceptional opinion as if he believed it to be a controversial one. It is as if he himself were continually battling with giants and goblins that in fact have been in retreat for years. 'Narrow pedants' and 'modern middle-class parents', we are repeatedly told, do not like fairy tales because they believe they present a version of life which is 'un-

truthful' and therefore 'unhealthy'. But where are they, all these healthy-minded, thoroughly modern people?

The answer is that they (like Dr Bettelheim himself) are now mostly grandparents or even great-grandparents. What is presented as 'modernity' in his book is today about as modern as road houses, *thés dansants* or indeed psychoanalysis itself. In fact the author scuppers his own case at one point by remarking, in apparent innocence, on the fact that

Well-educated parents outlawed fairy tales for their children at just about the time when the findings of psycho-analysis made them aware that, far from being innocent, the mind of the young child is filled with anxious, destructive imaginings.

Yes, quite. Round about 1920 that would have been. Published then, or in the Thirties or even Forties, this book would have been of the greatest value. Published today, however, it is a lamentable comment on the failure of distinguished men to recognise when something they have fought for has

indeed and at last come to pass.

It has, for instance, apparently escaped Dr Bettelheim's notice that children's literature has transformed itself in the last two decades – that the praised children's books of today bristle with myth, magic, dreams, growth experiences, dead mothers and similar fibre-foods for the growing Unconscious. But perhaps this is not so in provincial America, where Bettelheim has lived since 1939? Indeed it occurs to me that the outstanding children's books of today are all English, and the few American imports I have seen are (unlike the 19th-century ones) anaemic stuff. In the suburbs of Chicago are parents (not to mention stepmothers) still protecting their offspring from the Little Goose Girl in case it should give them the idea that self-expression can be dangerous, or Cinderella because it isn't in line with current thinking on women's role?

There is one further point. Psychologists tend, inevitably, to spend too much of their time with problem children rather than ordinary ones, and their own ideas of most



Remember the whale that grew too big for Windsor Safari Park? David Taylor, the vet who was called in then, has always worked with wildlife. **ZOOVET** (£3.50) is a 'uniquely different and enchanting' collection of anecdotes told with 'humour and compassion'. That's the view of James Herriot.

Enthusiasts for another animal—the race-horse—will be captivated by **The Race of the Century**, Christopher Hawkins' story of Grundy and Bustino and their epic contest at Ascot in 1975. 'Authentic and authoritative' was Dick Francis' verdict and The Daily Mail thought it 'fascinating reading' (£3.95).

The First Cuckoo is an 'hilarious' (Alistair Cooke) selection of letters to The Times. Chosen and introduced by Kenneth Gregory, this 1976 best-seller (£4.50) was called 'the most enjoyable anthology for many a day' (The Listener) and 'sublime and ridiculous... really alive' by The Sunday Times.

John Timpson, who hosted Radio 4s breakfast programme for more than six years, recalls moments from his life in **Today and Yesterday** (£3.95). 'An agreeably humorous autobiography' (Daily Express) which will appeal to everyone who enjoyed his radio style.

For children a new Tolkien—**The Father Christmas Letters** (£2.50) the ideal Christmas gift with stories and colour illustrations by the author.

Brian Patten and Mary Moore have co-operated in a picture book for younger children, **Emma's Doll** (£1.95) which has 'the authentic flavour of a child's dream' (The Times). And Woodrow Wyatt has written his first children's book **The Exploits of Mr Saucy Squirrel**. 'Children will adore Saucy' (Sunday Mirror) and in the view of The Sunday Express the book (£2.95) 'will be great entertainment'.

Two calendars for 1977. **The Lord of the Rings** has 12 colour illustrations by Tolkien (£2.50 ex VAT). **The Yoga Calendar** (£2.30 ex VAT) has a photographed posture in colour for every month with instructions.



Allen & Unwin's Christmas Choice

Among this week's contributors:

DONALD DAVIE's recent books include *Thomas Hardy and British Poetry* (1972) and *Augustan Lyric* (1974).

T. R. FYVEL is the Literary Editor of the *Jewish Chronicle* and author of *The Insecure Offenders* (1963) and *Intellectuals Today* (1970).

PAUL ADDISON lectures in History at the University of Edinburgh. His most recent book is *The Road to 1945* and he is working on a study of Churchill.

children's needs may be correspondingly distorted. Not all children want or need fairy tales. A few years ago, when I was about to leave a young child for a few weeks while I went abroad, I energetically read him fairy tales before I left. This may tell one something about my psyche; evidently I was afraid at some level that I would fall off the end of the world or be eaten by a dragon . . . But, though he listened happily, he was not much impressed. It was clear that, for this particular child, woodcutters' sons and princesses just did not carry the same emotional message as did 'real people' like King Arthur and Robin Hood, or even that tragic and moral folk-hero for our time, Gordon Banks.

Julian Barnes

Getting On

The Glittering Prizes by FREDERIC RAPHAEL
Allen Lane £3.75 and Penguin 80p

Doctor Copernicus by JOHN BANVILLE
Secker & Warburg £3.90

The Man Who Talked Babytalk by BRIAN MERRIMAN
Martin Brian & O'Keeffe £4.00

The TV critics were a trifle snuffy about *The Glittering Prizes*, giving it the yes-but, as if it were a slightly more gutless version of *The Brothers*. Perhaps it was underlying pique that the series was not sufficiently *à clé* (it was direly mislabelled by the BBC), and that the chance to nob-spot for hicks-ville just wasn't there; certainly, Tom Conti's exophthalmic Adam Morris (which seemed nervily, upstagingly right to me) genuinely put off some critics. But there was insufficient praise for the scurrying wit and the long, bold sections in which much

of it was written (for instance, Adam's fierce, scary encounter with the fascist architect Stephen Taylor). Reading the spun-off novel is an odd sensation: you're stuck from the beginning with the actors' faces, though admittedly in an unresentful way (it's not like having Mel Ferrer as your lifelong Prince Andrei, as some of us poor sods do). You also realise how cleverly selective Frederic Raphael has been with his characters: 20 years of his Cambridge generation are displayed without any single life being dutifully followed through (Adam Morris, one is surprised to note, goes underground for half the book). The corollary of this is that we end not with a simple sense of 'having found out what happens to x', but with a more diffuse, thematic satisfaction.

The but to this yes lies in the lightness of Mr Raphael's rewriting. The bustling, ironic dialogue is untouched, rightly; but just as his script for *Daisy Miller* was hearteningly faithful to the story, here, in reverse, the novel is over-faithful to the plays. The only episode I missed on telly seemed to go out of focus on the page – not because it was unfamiliar, but because Mr Raphael begins it by introducing five new characters simply in terms of their parts in a production of *Much Ado*. The subsequent text is mainly dialogue, and as you flick back to remember who was who, you keep finding out only that they were Benedick, or Claudio, or Hero. More generally, one presumes, it means that for tellyless readers the stylized, sardonic talkers will come across as the most characterful.

That said, *The Glittering Prizes* is still a spirited, clever and serious novel about the workings of ambition and success. Mr Raphael understands and wryly conveys the pleasures of intellectual narcissism, the warping effects of academe and the lurking violence which is the counterweight to sophistication. In the end, the rich and successful discover that the only final freedom left to them is the freedom of duplicity.

The implication is not, I think, that the prizes corrode and infect the prizewinner; still less that one should cultivate one's garden (consider the life of schoolmaster Dan, who ends up shooting his televised wife); rather, that the attainment of goals leaves people much as they started off – Adam Morris still gesturing and posturing, Alan Parks still crudely dominating, Mike Clode still prey to dud ideas. It's just that, as Fitzgerald said, they now have more money.

John Banville's novel has the qualities – earnestness, ambition, and stern historicity – which appeal to the judges of glittery literary prizes, and the defects – clotted prose and humourlessness – which deter readers. It reminds one of Johnson's comment on Congreve's *Incognita*, that he would rather praise it than read it. Nor has Mr Banville exactly picked one of the more gripping greats: Koestler describes Copernicus as 'perhaps the most colourless figure among those who, by merit or circumstance, shaped mankind's destiny'. Mr Banville naturally plays up the man-for-our-time side: the astronomer is sceptical, detached, secretive out of disgust at the world's pretences, and half certain that the whole set-up is absurd. He inhabits a world in political and religious chaos, full of arbitrary suffering, vain scholarship and joyless whoring.

Mr Banville presents this background with some informed vigour, especially the sense of cosmic claustrophobia which agonised Copernicus into the idea of the heliocentric universe. But as for his prose, the best that can be said is that it is, in all its awkward sincerity, at least his own. He favours those inelegant nominal marriages (nerveknot, cloudshadow, dogmerd) which claim vainly to add up to more than their partssum. The attempt to describe mental processes drives him to empty, hulking metaphors. Copernicus has a head 'packed with granite blocks of knowledge'; on the next page he 'ventures out in the frail bark of his thoughts' (a wonder he doesn't capsize); and when he makes his famous breakthrough, the solution arrives 'like a magnificent great slow golden bird alighting in his head with a thrumming of vast wings'. At such vital moments it would be profitable to switch to Koestler, both for the astronomy (*The Sleepwalkers*) and for the intellectual processes (*The Act of Creation*).

Cosmic breakthrough is also a theme in Brian Merriman's piece of Irishry, a quirky, rambling tale of an American who discovers how to interpret the gurglings of babies. He then goes on to other animals, and ends up debriefing a defecting Russian porpoise. The humour gets a bit thumping at this stage: Mr Merriman is more relaxed mocking his small, priest-ridden Irish village, with its pub bores, hurley teams, virgins and sages. The priest's concept of EEG (the 'exception for the greater good', which permits him all sorts of sexual licence for the sake of the Church) is a happy invention; though how seriously Mr Merriman wants his wider ideas taken (like the correlation discovered between a nation's grammar and its imperialistic tendencies) is less certain. He is reportedly chuffed that he lets 'the characters in his novel ask questions, rather than give the answers'; fair enough, but he's a bit mean with clues.

SOVIET JOURNALS IN ENGLISH

Subscriptions for 1977

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS	...	...	...	...	12 p.a.	£2.00
MOSCOW NEWS	...	...	...	...	52 p.a.	£4.00
NEW TIMES	...	...	...	...	52 p.a.	£4.00
FAR EASTERN AFFAIRS	...	...	...	...	4 p.a.	£2.70
SOVIET FILM	...	...	...	...	12 p.a.	£1.50
SOVIET MILITARY REVIEW	...	...	...	...	12 p.a.	£2.50
20th CENTURY AND PEACE	...	...	...	...	12 p.a.	£1.00
SOVIET WOMAN	...	...	...	...	12 p.a.	£1.50
TRAVEL IN THE SOVIET UNION	...	...	...	...	6 p.a.	£1.25
SPUTNIK	...	...	...	...	12 p.a.	£3.50
SOCIALISM THEORY AND PRACTICE	...	...	...	...	4 p.a.	£3.50
SOVIET UNION	...	...	...	...	12 p.a.	£1.50
SOCIAL SCIENCES	...	...	...	...	4 p.a.	£2.70
CULTURE AND LIFE	...	...	...	...	12 p.a.	£1.50
SPORT IN THE U.S.S.R.	...	...	...	...	12 p.a.	£1.00

Available from:

Subscription Import Dept.,
Denington Estate,
WELLINGBOROUGH, U.K.

Collet's

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Spurling

Under the Volcano

Pompeii AD 79 Royal Academy

The question I had been asking myself about the Pompeii exhibition was, what could it contain? Mock-ups of excavated rooms, perhaps a whole house or a street, wall-paintings, plaster-casts of the victims? In the event, it is a comparatively small show – the North American Indian exhibition at the Hayward, for example, contains nearly three times as many items – and an experience apparently more cerebral and informative than emotional or dramatic. The disaster that overtook Pompeii is represented by three almost clinical emblems: a 12-foot-high section through the volcanic debris that covered the sports-ground before excavation, and two plaster victims in glass cases. The rest of the exhibition is divided into six smallish rooms, each dealing with an aspect of Pompeian life.

One critic, who has been to Pompeii itself, as I have not, complained that there should at least have been a cast of the rutted paving-stones from the streets to give some sense of the reality of the place. This reaction seems to me to ignore the nature of what we are being offered, which never attempts – how could it? – to reproduce what Dickens called 'the strange and melancholy sensation of seeing the Destroyed and the Destroyer making this quiet picture in the sun'. On the contrary, we can only view with Brechtian alienation – or Olympian detachment – the magnificent relief model of the excavated site which is hung on a wall, not placed on the floor, at the opening of the exhibition; the small, blurred paintings of fairy-tale seaside villas which face it; and especially the most appealing dolls' house I have ever seen, in the shape of a model of the 'House of the Menander' – complete with painted dining-room, *peristyle* garden, bath-suite and, along the street fronts, various shops, a brothel and a tavern, whose barmaid, as we know from graffiti, was called Iris.

It is left to the bare objects to insinuate themselves into the spectator's feelings. This process begins with the two victims, pickled in their plaster agonies, the chained watchdog writhing in a heap, legs up, head upside-down, jaws open, the girl stretched out with her head on her arms and her bottom in the air. It continues more soberly with the well-known double portrait of a man and his wife, in which the life of the sitters, with their large staring eyes, seems to triumph over the clumsy technique of the painter exactly as in Branwell Brontë's portrait of his sisters. It is confirmed by the jewellery that anyone could wear today without it seeming antique, by the paintings of an ice-bucket or a sewing-basket full of wool, by the carpenter's plane and the

bronze samovar, and by the way one keeps catching likenesses of one's acquaintances in a painting of Theseus with the Minotaur, of Bes, the Egyptian god of the dance (a superannuated choreographer if ever there was one), or of an *alfresco* supper-party decorated with jokey writing in the early Hockney manner. The host is saying, 'Enjoy yourselves. I'm singing.' One of his guests, leaning across the lady next to him, replies, 'O.K. Good luck to you.'

At this point one could not disagree more with Dr Arnold's view of the Bay of Naples as 'a fearsome drama of Pleasure, Sin and Death'. But if the random objects they used and the fragments of their elaborate interior decoration arouse strong fellow-feelings with these distant people, all the more so perhaps because of the quite ordinary quality of most of what they possessed, the catalogue by John Ward-Perkins and Amanda Claridge corrects and extends this impression. Indeed it is so full of detail, so lucidly set out, that it forms a kind of second exhibition on its own, bringing us still closer to the people of Pompeii through knowledge of their immediate history, their society and customs, the changes they were living through at the very moment when Vesuvius chose to preserve them for our inspection. For example:

Wall painting as an important art form was on the way out, to be replaced by marble panelling and, in really wealthy circles, wall mosaic. In this respect the eruption was nicely timed. Another few years, and there would have been little left of the older, finer Pompeii.

The great *trompe-l'oeil* architectural painting displayed at the end of the exhibition comes from the newly excavated villa at Oplontis, which may have belonged to Nero's empress Poppaea. She had died nine years before the eruption and her house (if it was hers) was empty and in process of redecoration.

The effect of the objects is to make us recognise the Pompeians' lives in ours, but the effect of the catalogue is to plunge us back into their world, with its remarkable similarities to ours – elections, inflation, shortage of space for building, retreat of the old privileged classes and rapid political change, riots in the amphitheatre, serious theatre in the small auditorium fighting a losing battle against the popular entertainments in the larger – but with the fundamental difference that we know their future but not our own. Even if this year is not quite the 1,900th anniversary of the end of Pompeii, it is exactly the 1,500th anniversary of the end of the Roman Empire.

Reading Bulwer Lytton's *The Last Days of Pompeii* one is struck by the double irony of his picture of the beginnings of

Christianity in the city. His Christians form an underground revolutionary sect in a society torn between uneasy materialism and various stop-gap religious beliefs, including the official cults of the Emperor and the Olympian gods, the ancient household deities (one or two of them are in the show, inside a replica of a household shrine), the talismanic phallus (symbol of fruitfulness at the same time as deterrent to evil spirits), and the more fashionable worship of exotic Eastern gods such as Isis and Dionysus. For Lytton the irony was that the Christian outcasts had since conquered the civilised world and were busy civilising the uncivilised; for us it is that they are now something more like a cross between the official cult and the household deities. So the fifth room in the exhibition, containing a full-sized reproduction of a Pompeian masterpiece, the wall-paintings from the Villa of the Mysteries, takes on a powerful dimension it could not have had for Lytton.

Against a glowing red ground, the life-size figures are taking part in what may be a Dionysiac initiation ceremony. The god, lying in Ariadne's lap and accompanied by members of his rout (Silenus and satyrs), presides, while a woman prepares to unveil an enormous phallus. Next to it stands a half-naked female Renaissance angel, rod in hand, about to whip the naked kneeling initiate, whose head resting on her crossed arms in the lap of another woman reminds one immediately of the plaster corpse re-created from its grave in the ash. Beyond, yet another naked woman dances with cymbals clashing above her head. This is the central episode of a four-wall frieze which begins with the entrance of a bride and ends with her seated on the marriage-couch. To Lytton this might have seemed merely a mythological, if somewhat sinister painting, to Arnold possibly a Satanic one, but to us in our uncertainty it must once again come as an open experience, half-sacred; half-secular, like the paintings of Renaissance masters such as Piero della Francesca. I would trade a sight of it, even in reproduction, for a wilderness of rutted paving-stones.

Television

Ian Hamilton

Where Were You?

We all know what we were doing, where we were and how we felt, when we heard that Kennedy was dead. We also know these same things about most of our friends, and most of our friends' friends. And if we're really friendly, we have a fair amount of dope on the subject from strangers in bars, bores at dinner parties, and the like. Indeed, I've always thought of myself as tolerably well up on the subject. Alas, though, it took the BBC's anniversary probe, *Kennedy's Been Shot*, to make it clear to me that, for all my scholarship,

I've never known where Bernard Levin was that day.

Nor H. Wilson, nor E. Heath. And I had no idea either about that kid who was celebrating his 21st birthday when the news came through, or the young girl who'd just got engaged, or the detective sergeant who hurried back to the station in case he might be needed. Chastening material and, of course, utterly inconsequential: it is interesting that we all know where we were, but that doesn't invest where we were with interest. Pretentiously scripted ('the almost electric crispness of his First Lady', 'the heaving warmth of his welcome'), this solemn show was a mere baggage of old newsreels and dull, self-indulgent reminiscence. Some of the newsreel stuff was powerful – Walter Kronkite on the air as he gets confirmation that Kennedy had died, the press conference in Dallas where the grim tidings had to be announced three times because the sound men couldn't catch it – and there was the odd genuinely touching tale. Mainly, though, a wallow. Even Kennedy, one hopes, would have drawn the line at some of scriptwriter David Jessell's rich thoughts on his demise: it 'marked the boundary between what was and what might have been', it signalled that there would be 'no glad confident tomorrow', and – *passim* – it took away 'a kind of glow in people's minds and hearts'.

Yanks Go Home (Granada) is a feeble new comedy series aiming for *Dad's Army*-style endearment. A consignment of GIs arrive in rural Lancashire in 1942 and are meant to grapple amusingly with bumbling local ways. Our types are dreadfully inept, although now and then verbose, cunning or resentful; theirs are energetically gullible and yet, it is (anachronistically) implied, more of the big wide world than we are. The culture-clash, though, is strictly media-derived – our *Dad's Army* to their *Sergeant Bilko* – and the jokes are not to be laughed at but to be observed reaching their well-charted destination.

'War makes strange bedfellows.'

'That's what I mean, I'm not going to let my wife out of the house.'

'But your wife, surely . . . that unfortunate business with her leg.'

'That won't put them off – puts me off, won't put them off.'

Pity about all this, because the idea's not a bad one.

Wanting the Yanks to go back where they came from can be played for laughs, but immediately afterwards, and from the same company, we had *World In Action*'s investigation into Blackburn's growing 'racial problem'; with luck it made a few smiles freeze. The programme's aim was to show that the National Party of Great Britain's claim to be a non-violent offshoot of the National Front is not to be believed. Interviews with two neanderthal party members ('we beat them [Asians] up just to show we don't want them here – not because we don't like them personally') were used to nonpluss the smoothly equivocating party leader, and he in turn was pressured into letting more of his fanaticism show through than he'd have liked. Not that he was *that* cagey: 'Yes, I'm a racist, and so is any sensible person these days.' Moments like these provided the show's most creepy

revelations; as one despondent Blackburn liberal observed: 'A few years ago, people were afraid to admit they were racists. Now they're not.' What have we done (or not done) that makes it easier for these beliefs to be owned up to?

'Say, are you guys really policemen?' is a question that no doubt gets put most weeks to the photogenic *Starsky and Hutch* (BBC-1). I'd never seen this young couple

before, but their coy *Butch Cassidy*-derived male camaraderie turned out to be much as I'd expected. The plot – in this case, an absurd satanic stew, with the once spotless John Saxon turned vampire – is something that just happens to be going on around them; they take notice of it from time to time, but not if it means glancing away from the camera for more than ten seconds. This must be in their contracts.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Demolition Man

Tartuffe Lyttleton

Mr Laurel and Mr Hardy Mayfair

The Ghost Train Old Vic

Roger Planchon's visiting production of *Tartuffe* begins with a splintering crash, so loud you might suppose the vale of some temple had been rent in twain; and, indeed, the lights come up on a vast painting of the crucified Christ, languishing over a broken, drooping hand while a strangely sensual voice breathes out a devotional passage from St Francis de Sales. If you're already asking what this has to do with Molière, fasten your seatbelts, because there are more surprises behind the unwonted front-cloth. Up goes Christ, revealing a set that sometimes looks more like a laundry than a cathedral, and sometimes more like a cathedral than a laundry, but is mostly a fairly even balance of both. Retainers in shifts scuttle about doing their household chores while on the brickwork above them loom murals, mainly depicting the Slaughter of the Innocents. As if that weren't iconography enough, a rococo angel with a sword hovers over the stage, and yet another Christ, this time a plaster statue, squats and broods on a beam just beneath the flies. If the Pope were to drift down in a parachute, a bagful of washing under his arm, he wouldn't look too out of place.

Actually, Planchon has a mundane explanation for much of this. Orgon is having his house done up, as befits a wealthy bourgeois in the expansive 1660s. Renaissance leftovers are being scrubbed out, sculptures of the Sun King prepared: that pre-curtain din is the demolition men, sweeping away the old order. But clearly this is insufficient justification for Francis de Sales, the omnipresent Messiah, and a religious emphasis that veers between the unavoidable and the overwhelming. Planchon gives us all the domestic detail he reasonably can, and then some; but he also seems to see the play as a cosmic homily designed to remind the forgetful that nothing outraged Christ himself more than pharisaism. Indeed, it was the pi and sanctimonious who actually dispatched him to the scaffold, the very fate Tartuffe maps out for Orgon, only to find that, in Molière's tactful denouement, Louis XIV is a lot bolder and more enlightened than Pilate.

The sensible Cléante clinches the point: men are to be judged more by their work than by their protestations of faith; deeds rather than words justify them. Simple wisdom, with force for any society, any religious persuasion which finds it hard to discriminate between gas and solid, gesture and content, manners and morals.

It's an ambitious and even thrilling production, but the play sometimes buckles under Planchon's determination to be spiritual guide, social historian, lay psychiatrist and, perhaps above all, arch enemy of classical tradition and theatrical osmosis. It isn't so much that Molière is distorted: rather, that the attempt to rediscover him is so elaborately conscientious it is hard to see him at all clearly. There are, too, times when Planchon risks replacing the old conventions with his own counter-clichés. Instead of standing and spouting, the characters tend to sprint across stage, as if they were rehearsing a Japanese adventure movie. They are also inclined to laugh at solemn moments, a trait which at first seems liberatingly realistic, but ends by becoming just another ritual. Perhaps the most brilliant scene is the quarrel between Colette Domietrini's Mariane and Luc Ponette's Valère, two spirited young animals trying and failing to strike period attitudes, so that at one moment they're sitting straightbacked or bowing ceremoniously from opposite sides of the room, the next pushing, slapping, booting or hugging one another. By insisting on the tension between their real and their affected feelings Planchon does, it's true, encapsulate the theme of the play in a single encounter; but he over-insists, the scene becomes self-conscious, and the frantic effort to avoid artifice ends up as artificial itself.

The most striking performance is probably Guy Trejan's Orgon, a convert still on his honeymoon, starrily unable to believe his luck in being admitted to the company of the elect. His director is on record as believing that this infatuation must be homosexual in character, but that's not the impression given here, unless one cares to think that spiritual ardour always has something erotic about it, an idea the gratuitous quotations from Francis de Sales may be intended to bolster. In any case, Planchon gives scant help to his own theory when he himself

ventures onstage. His *Tartuffe* is dark, withdrawn and secretive, a man whose thought-processes are tantalisingly private, though one suspects he's sophist enough to have convinced himself that anything he wants to be right is right. What he lacks is charisma, magnetism. He manages to make the promise that an affair with Orgon's wife will be '*sans scandale*' sound like a soggy-tongued request for an under-the-counter magazine, and there's always something of the Soho prowler, lurker and groper about him. The sheer reticence of his performance should reassure anyone who has begun to fear that the evening might become a gigantic, flamboyant ego-trip for the maestro; but his drab and seedy sexuality makes it hard to understand why as valued a citizen as Orgon should fall so ignominiously under his spell.

I would have longer shrift for Tom McGrath's jog-along biography of Laurel and Hardy if I hadn't reviewed it from Edinburgh, and for the revival of Arnold Ridley's celebrated thunderer if its director weren't so dedicated to deriding it. Bill Hays has an excellent cast, led by James Villiers, Wilfrid Brambell and Geoffrey Davies, but he appears to have encouraged most of its members to flourish their admittedly melodramatic lines as if they were quaint curios at a public auction for collectors of camp. All very well for jaded, knowing theatre-goers of uncertain age; but the young, fresh and impressionable are surely entitled to a much scarier play.

Films

John Coleman

Theirs Truly

I Will, I Will . . . For Now Leicester Square Theatre

Private Pleasures Soho Cinema, Brewer Street

Wild Game and The Great Ecstasy of Woodcarver Steiner Paris Pullman; Phoenix

The Confessions of Winifred Wagner The Other Cinema

How Yukong Moved the Mountains The Other Cinema

London Film Festival NFT

Before the red meat, a couple of stinking fish or fictions. Norman Panama's *I Will, I Will . . . For Now* has Elliott Gould and Diane Keaton as a rich, divorced pair, thrust into sexual situations and committed to a little naughty dialogue as they have another try at cohabitation, and all this is supposed to reflect how far we have come since Ross Hunter; but don't be fooled for more than a few new laughs: Rock Hudson and Doris Day are back in town, only somehow the wooden Hudson and the freckled Day played better together. The office and apartment decors are so much a part of the action as the actors, always a bad sign. The newspaper-over-the-knees brigade will find

hardly more for their money with *Private Pleasures*, a Swedish-made feature about Elizabeth (the well-constructed Elona Glenn), poised to marry David and in two bodies as to whom to do next: 'aesthetic' photography, superimpositions and a rightly enigmatic old fool of a sage, chuntering on about duality, leave most of the simulated humpings in doubt: Elizabeth's fantasies, or what? Should they coincide with yours, good luck. A Bob Godfrey short, *A Woman's Best Friend*, shows cartoon penises undergoing transformations with sometimes humorous results.

A fiction film that could almost have been drawn from a news item but, in fact, came from a play by Franz Xaver Kroetz (who reputedly found the making-over obscene when it was exhibited on German TV – it got a general roasting) is Rainer Werner Fassbinder's *Wild Game*, dated 1972 for those concerned to keep the canon straight. The seedy tale, of a 14-year-old schoolgirl willingly seduced by a 19-year-old youth around the mid-1950s, lends itself rather interestingly to Fassbinder's devotion to tableaux and flatly delivered language. The girl, Eva Mattes, has the right sulky, pudgy sensuality and Harry Baer as the lad, who works in a chicken-processing factory (which allows the camera a somehow evil travel along those pallid, headless corpses), moves easily from a rocker's fake insouciance to a passive reliance on the girl, his greased hair cut after five months in jail. Pregnant, she decides he must kill her father and procures the gun. All's ill that ends ill. The murder messily happens, the baby is born deformed in prison hospital and dies, the girl is last lingered on, returned to childhood, hopschotching down a corridor of the courts of justice. Fassbinder, for once, renders his own, noncommittal justice to his chosen material. The girl's family, their flat hung with religious paintings, are feeble, despairing, unable to cope. Only a tiny scene (of a different print quality from the rest – why?), where the father brusquely near-rapes his daughter, jars by its irrelevance. The rest's all of a deeply depressing piece.

Werner Herzog's *The Great Ecstasy of Woodcarver Steiner*, a 47-minute document of a Swiss championship ski-jumper, is in the same bill and amazingly lifts one's spirits. Walter Steiner may appear to fly through the air with the greatest of ease but, most of the time, he is an impassioned loner, pushing fear to the limits, where it becomes a strange, sympathetic arrogance. It is filming like this that restores a flagging faith in cinema (or TV, if you like). Herzog is himself an original and says he only began to see this film clear when he and his crew hoisted the skier on their shoulders one night and ran with him through the streets. 'I feel everything about the films I make physically. I like to carry the reels around and feel their weight.' Again, 'I think of myself far more as artisan than as an artist – a word I don't trust much'. This is my opening red meat, variously known as documentary, non-fiction cinema, *reportage*, *cinéma-vérité*, and – at best – its fascination for me lies both in what got recorded and *how*. Follow some inevitably brief jottings on recent pleasures.

One doubts that Hans Jurgen Syberberg had to work overtime on the 78-year-old

Winifred Wagner once she had embarked on her *Confessions* to the camera. This hair-raising old lady, widow of Siegfried and daughter-in-law of Richard and Cosima, knew Hitler as an intimate – they were 'Wini' and 'Wolf' – and he was a genial, child-loving fellow, even prepared to hold back a Jew or two from the ovens if Bayreuth needed them. Wini's memories span 60 years and Syberberg's original film ran for five hours, here mercifully reduced to under a couple. There is treasure trove here for the annalists, but my enduring impression is one of horror at us humans. It's not merely that, among a hundred other details drily retailed, she tells of sending Hitler paper so that he might write *Mein Kampf* in prison or that she dismisses Eva Braun and Streicher out of everyday snobbery. But what to make of this blandness: 'as for his darker side . . . I know it exists, but not for me because it's beyond my understanding'? The Other Cinema's ambitious programming has just set off on a marathon 12-hour 'living portrait of the people of China', filmed by the redoubtable Joris Ivens and Marceline Lorian over 18 months and another 18 months in the editing: *How Yukong Moved the Mountains* will be shown in five parts and, since it is scheduled to run at least till 30 December, there should be occasion to return to it and its implications.

From the LFF, as I feared, a list of recommendations only at this point, covering about as wide a spectrum of subjects and technical approaches to them as one might wish: all thoroughly worth a look and a listen. The Maysles brothers' *Grey Gardens* (about the Kennedy-connected mother and daughter Beale, crazy like vixen), where the makers clearly affected their subjects; Fred Wiseman's *Meat*; Roger Graef's *Pleasure at Her Majesty's*, off-and-on-stage glimpses of those Amnesty concerts by the top of the milk of British 'satirists'; *Pride of Place*, by Dorothea Gazidis and Kim Landsee of the National Film School, a stare at a seminary for young ladies that may cause trouble for would-be viewers; and Michael Raeburn's *Beyond the Plains Where Man Was Born*, an enthralling hybrid, a composite picture – shot in Tanzania – of the pitfalls facing an educated Masai.

THE OTHER CINEMA

25 Tottenham St, W1

637-9308/9

HOW YUKONG MOVED THE MOUNTAINS

At the express invitation of Chou En-Lai, Joris Ivens and Marceline Lorian spent 1½ years filming in China – the first Westerners to have such carte blanche. The daily life of the Chinese people is portrayed in a series of 12 films, programmed in five parts (with no special viewing order). Each contains a feature film:

A WOMAN, A FAMILY + Rehearsal at the Peking Opera

THE FISHING VILLAGE + Football Incident + The Peking Circus

THE PHARMACY + Traditional Handicrafts + An Army Camp

THE GENERATOR FACTORY + Professor Tsien

THE OILFIELDS + Impressions of a City – Shanghai

Wilfrid Mellers

A Burning Brand

Born in Cape Town in 1934, Adolph Johannes Brand came of Cape coloured stock, with miscegenous origins African, Afrikaans, Portuguese and Malaysian. His mother was leader of a Christian Church choir, and an adept European-style pianist under whose tutelage the young Adolph embarked on a professional career whilst still at High School. In 1961 he changed his name, to incorporate the almighty dollar, and founded a *marabi*-style group, the Jazz Epistles, which became popular throughout South Africa. Dollar Brand's international fame dates, however, from 1964, when the great Duke Ellington invited him to perform at the Newport Jazz Festival. He lived and worked in New York, and intermittently in Europe during the Sixties; but has now established a family in Cape Town and has garnered another, Moslem name, Abdullah Ibrahim. He still visits America and Europe for extended periods, though Africa is now Home.

Looking back on his music from 1964 one can trace three strands that coexist. The first relates to the African Township musics within which he was nurtured in his Cape Town adolescence. The second strand springs from his work in the States, and specifically from his association with Duke Ellington and Thelonious Monk. The third strand is that in which he becomes an African jazz composer, aided perhaps by his 'classical' studies with Hall Overton, but owing most to a process of self-discovery which was also an apprehension of 'Africa' in relation to America and Europe. Indeed the story incarnate in Dollar's music is the story of Africa. The Township phase is childhood, an escape into euphoria; the American phase jazzily confronts tension and anguish, personal, social and political (in New York Dollar teetered on the brink of disintegration); whilst the African phase is a reintegration of the contradictory facets of his experience which becomes an act of religious affirmation. The three phases function roughly in chronological sequence, since his adolescent music was naturally in Township style, his most American music was created during his sojourn in New York, and his most African music has been made since his return to Cape Town. None the less, Dollar still creates in all these manners: the strands overlap; and that his creation, like all urban African musics, is *collage* is the heart of the matter. Both within each individual 'number' and within the sequence of numbers that makes a set, Dollar juxtaposes surprising contrarities of material, on structural principles that are circular rather than linear.

Despite his start as a Township bandsman, Dollar's genius is that of a composing-improvising pianist who writes nothing down, but imaginatively remembers. His piano style owes a little to his early training as a 'straight' pianist, far more to American barrelhouse stompers of the

Twenties, especially Jimmy Yancey; whilst there's a more direct relationship between the nervosity of his finger technique and that of Thelonious Monk, and between the deep-bedded sensuality of his chordal sequences and those of Ellington as pianist. Interestingly enough, Dollar's most 'positive' pieces in his earlier years tend to be those which most brusquely juxtapose the opposites: snatches of African tribal tunes and of British missionary hymns, pounding African rhythms and sentimental harmonic clichés from Tin Pan Alley. *Tintinyana* is a superb example in which African ostinati interact with British hymnic progressions and flower into American jazz variation. Even when he plays American numbers, such as the Duke's signature tune, *Take the A Train*, Dollar hands the music back to Africa. The surge of sound reverberates, in the rumbling bass, like an African drum choir or, in the tintinnabulating treble, like a marimba band. The American railway carries the black man to his African home; and when he's there it's nowhere. The train, entering mythological rather than chronometric time, chunters in a round dance, an eternal circle. Modern man has been dedicated to material ends; yet at the point he's reached it would seem that the only possible 'progress' is to be *endless*! Railway line or musical line must be hooped once more into a circle.

Until last September, when I heard Dollar play live in Johannesburg, I hadn't realised how potent is the ritual element in his performance. In the corybantically African sections his whole body vibrates as, rolling out his chordal tremolandi, he builds up massive waves of sound that engulf us; or whilst playing he dances one rhythm with his right, another with his left, a third with his shoulders, a fourth with his head, becoming almost a tribe in himself. Yet this tribe is no longer a closed community; the music he creates is ours too, being without generic or racial barriers, part 'necessity' in the African sense, part 'art' in European terms. North American, South American (and therefore Spanish and Portuguese), Indian, Asian, Malaysian, Chinese, Afrikaans and white British idioms coalesce with the basic black Africanism; and the mish-mash jells, through Dollar's improvising art, as it cannot when fortuitously encountered in South African city streets.

Today Dollar is carrying his art's self-reliance to an ultimate point, for he's become a one-man band playing piano, bamboo flute, cello and sax in alternation or simultaneously on pre-recorded tape. The longest recorded version of *Sathima*, dedicated to Dollar's wife, is representative. It opens with a slow prelude for flute with voice blowing into it, the weirdly magic melody being thus veiled in the fuzz-buzz effect beloved of many African musics. This is the most mysterious of all Dollar's

evocations of darkly ancient Africa. After the melody has faded into thin air, the African flute tune recurs as postlude, unchanged. The old Africa persists, while the Edenic dream exists; here there's an interaction of African circular structure with the 'Western' linear structure that in this piece enacts the process of African history. The significance of this may be deeper than we – or Dollar Brand – realise. The ragbag of races and conventions that make a global village *might* embrace the total disparities of line and circle, and forge new life from an act of praise. No wonder that at the end of the Johannesburg concert the entire 2,000-strong black and white audience rose to its feet and cheered this charismatic musician, whose art is as enheartening as it is original and beautiful. One doesn't need to be a Moslem to understand what Dollar means when he says that his tragi-comic music is – both intrinsically his music is – both intrinsically and in the context of history – 'a gift of God'.

There are now about 20 LPs of Dollar Brand's music, some recorded in New York, others in West Germany, but most in Johannesburg, issued by Gallo Records. The South African pressings are not easy to get hold of in this country, but the American and European pressings can be picked up in jazz and folk record shops.

Radio

Craig Raine

Don't Call Us

Tonsillitis last week. Irked though I was by the pair of waterwings attempting squeaky intercourse at the back of my throat, I trust things didn't stick in my gullet more than usual. I've been listening to the amateurs, those mild people who write letters in blood on Basildon Bond to *Any Answers* (Radio 4). Football hooligans? 'Shave their heads,' urged the programme's all-purpose Brigadier Nettle voice, 'and put them in stocks outside the ground on a Saturday afternoon.' Since I was already yawning like a gosling vulture, this piano-sized pill wasn't difficult to swallow. Jolly good idea, I thought, as I caned my slovenly pillows with great grandfather's swagger stick. Too soon, the 8 o'clock time signal blimped the programme to an end.

Ablative radio (by, with and from the people) featured a group of schoolmasterish types in *From the Grass Roots* (Radio 4). The subject was 'Stress and the Headmaster'. At first, the chaps were so uneasy it was almost like watching television. Every nervous cough conveyed a vivid picture of pedagogic misery – creaking elbow patches, chalky fingers on the fidget, cardigans with leather buttons like prehistoric footballs. Then they relaxed and the vision vanished: 'well, I've been through this type of selection procedure three times in the Liverpool situation,' said one, and it might have been Frank Bough talking. The sixth-formers in

Radio 4's new autumn dud, *Sixth Sense*, spoke the same language: 'if everyone is allowed to do exactly what they want, pretty soon we'll have a chaos situation.' Shave their heads, put them in the average teacher's common room, and no one would be able to distinguish them from the authentically bald stock. Situations vacant takes on a new meaning these days.

Thanks to the GPO, roughly one participant in three of any phone-in sounds as if he's ringing from Pandemonium or from battle-torn Bognor Regis. The sound of sizzling flesh alternates with the stutter of automatic weapons. On *Tuesday Call* (Radio 4), the digestive wurgles diminished enough to allow two computer experts to do battle with, among others, a Mrs Elsie Dibbs from Crediton in Devon and Shirley Conran. Mrs Conran did her best to emulate the statutory jabbering hysteria, coming across as Superwoman with a ladder in her tights, but I think these programmes should be left for the real stars like Mrs Dibbs. Mrs Dibbs worried about her medical details in the same compulsive way that Dickens's Silas Wegg fretted for his amputated leg. At bottom, she was afraid that, while she was sitting fully clothed in her kitchenette, nattering to her budgie, some unscrupulous doctor might be bandying her medical records about the hospital – sneaking a look at her gallstones, say, or visualising her appendix scar. And Mrs Dibbs has got a point. I for one, Elsie, started to feel quite stirred at the thought of your details.

The Case of Vladimir Bukovsky (Radio 3), a transcript of the dissident's 'trial', reminded one that lack of free speech has its own grim fatuities. Judge Lubentsova (Jill Balcon) cut off the defence lawyer whenever he looked to be making a salient point. 'Court rules that the question be disregarded' – at least Robin Day lets his callers have their say before he turns on his brisk formulaic thunder: 'We must move on now, Mr X. You've had several, er, goes.' The last time I was in Russia, everyone was incredulous at the idea that ordinary people could have a go at leading politicians on Mr Day's *It's Your Line – Election Special*. How precious you are, Elsie Dibbs.

Roger Cook's excellent *Checkpoint* (Radio 4) would have a field day in the Soviet Union. It does fairly well in England and every programme ends with a justified crow of achievement. A Martian, though, might get a rum picture of the way we live now if he, she or it tuned in. Unhealthy people ('my particular problem is ulcers, which I've consulted the doctor, but what can you do?') laying out their life-savings on 'Quality Quickly Gildway Homes' and then being buggered about by the builders for a couple of years. One family explained that the bungalow kit's chipboard flooring and the plaster-board stud-work partitions were put in by the builders before the roof was done. The weather broke and in days the interior was furred up like a camembert. People on Hill Park Estate in Fareham have coffee mornings where they puzzle over their jigsaw walls caused by subsidence. Another man's house is a tourist attraction, it's so badly built. To these people, Mr Cook brings the real freedom of speech, an effective trenchancy.

World Cup

Russell Davies

1982

'The most important football match since England failed to qualify for the World Cup last time.' Harry Carpenter, introducing the telly highlights (mostly lowspots) of England's Italian venture, could hardly have phrased the matter more depressingly. But he kept his grin at the ready: duty bound, I suppose, not to spill the beans lest those extreme masochists who always make sure they don't know what the score is before they tune in should have their evening's pain ruined. The rest of us, who knew roughly what we were about to receive, got our extra punishment in the form of squeaks of self-advertisement from Alan Ball, and then, more seriously, home truths from the very sensible and, whenever possible, buoyant Jimmy Hill. 'They were a class above us,' he spake, and the furry chin nearly hit the desk.

Indeed, it is not chin-up time. So elongated is the stagger-up to the Finals themselves, moreover, that we are left steeped in our own inadequacies for a whole year now before we can get at the Italians again, or vice versa, as their ancestors used to put it; and the overall pattern of possibilities, as I understand it, requires not only that we beat Italy at Wembley, but that we score heavily enough there, and in our two matches against Luxembourg, to overcome the goal difference Italy will have racked up in their Luxembourg return and the two Finland games. It is time, I think, to start building for 1982. Or dismantling.

Should we employ the Revie Construction Company? That's very hard to judge, since it hasn't actually finished anything yet. The England edifice, so far, consists largely of foundation-stones. If Revie retired tomorrow it would be scarcely possible to say what manner of manager he had been (though one could regret that his public relations did not find the hoped-for medium register between Sir Alf's strained locutions and the over-the-allotment-wall style of Joe Mercer's banter). Obviously Revie is a natural organiser – I remember watching him at Manchester City and marvelling that such a deep-lying trundler could be the repository, nay, progenitor, of the Revie Plan (which consisted of trundling through from deep-lying positions, I think) – but his attritional Leeds team's record raises general suspicion of his talents as an inspirer of men 'on the day.'

One can only hope that it's not a last rundown of The Plan that our lads' heads are ringing with as they take the field, but some really believed-in word of encouragement. Somehow it is hard to imagine Revie putting his heart into Agincourt rhetoric, though, when 'We're disappointed, naturally, Barry' comes so readily to his lips.

Everyone has been reasonably kind to the players since they got back. It's not their

fault, after all, but the system's. I'm never quite sure what this means, and my puzzlement only increases when I read that Brooking was one of the 'successes' of the Italian trip. Brooking, surely, is the almost perfect expression of today's English-system football. He plays at the agreeable, hard-working lope of the mid-Sixties era, turns cleverly but follows up with completely unexplosive acceleration, and specialises in gentle crosses which, while for accuracy renowned, offer any tall and two-eyed continental full-back a free header into the middle distance.

It may be that acceleration is crushed out of our players by the dreadful burden of work they take on each season: certainly it's notable that a player who's still got his speed off the mark, like Hales of Charlton, can make a hero of himself without displaying any other very obvious gifts at all. But this is a bad time, economically, to suggest to football clubs that they should use their assets less often. Cutting down on the basic speed of play, another popular suggestion, seems to me to lead directly to the footballing equivalent of those bike-races where the two participants practically topple over with inertia and boredom before haring for the line in the last 100 yards. A rat-and-mouse game.

Nothing so drastic is required to make the English team at least cohesive. What they need is more purposeful running, which implies a clearer understanding of what an attack might consist of. The example of Liverpool is instructive (though it points up another selection-problem: the wogs from Scotland, Ireland and even my rugby-plundered homeland of Wales who are in fact dominating your football. Ah, you Engleesh, you are incorrigible!). Liverpool's Platonic goal-ideal – Heighway gets to the by-line on the left, Toshack beans his cross in some unexpected direction, and Keegan finishes on the volley – is crude thinking, but it's amazing what trying to make it work does for the rest of the team, organising them into a fetch-and-carry service that has a real aim in life – exactly the feeling one has not got from recent England teams. What a Classic English Goal would look like, from the present team, I just don't know, and the service the midfield are currently giving suggests that they are in the dark too. The defence can take care of itself. It simply needs relief from pressure.

My practical suggestion is based on premature conclusions, but also on some unexpected pleasure in recent weeks. I would recommend Revie to look closely at Ipswich, and particularly at the partnership of Whymark and Mariner, which is only a month old. With adequate service (which they are getting mostly from Beattie, Mills and Talbot, three England squadders, and a back-beating winger of the kind Revie has been trying out), these two are already performing miracles of mutual supply. Both are also very interested in shooting, and head the ball brilliantly. Bobby Robson did well to snap up Mariner, I think; but then I have always thought that England would do well to snap up Bobby Robson. That would be another story. An adventure story, by comparison.

Weekend Competition

No 2440

Set by Fat Jeff

New York magazine recently ran a comp (a rip-off from the NS?) projecting the 'famous last words' of living people. President Gerry Ford's last words were: 'You mean *this* button?' May we have some more suggestions by 10 December?

No 2437

Set by John Hambley

The Leader of the Opposition has recently been glimpsed enjoying a confection called Margaret Thatcher Marmalade with her breakfast. Competitors were asked to describe its ingredients, or those of any similar sauce or conserve.

Report

by The Lemon Kid

I put the lemon on the whole Shadow Cabinet Pudding, an unsavoury pot pourri that quite poisoned my Friday lunch. Competitors fared a little better with the crumbs in the present Administration, but really this comp was a dog's dinner. £5 apiece.

The Denis Healey Crumpet

This confection is very similar to the common or garden crumpet in every day use except that the dough required should be borrowed from the next door neighbour. It generally has a spongier appearance than the ordinary version as well as a predisposition to inflate at the slightest application of heat. It should preferably be served with jam tomorrow and for the best results, should always be sprinkled with a pinch of salt. If eaten, an immediate feeling of euphoric well-being is produced but this is quickly followed by nausea and nostalgic longings for the 1960s.

JACK DAVIS

Recipe for Healey's National Cake (Cut and Come Again)

Take carafe water. Turn into wine. When adverse currants swell, arrange consultanas, raisins d'etre and dates for improvement. Use mint to maximum. Pound in hundreds and thousands, then millions and billions. Now

market plumbs. Open Sesame, brush oil gloss over visible gaps. Lots of Thyme needed, and Zest for power. If falling pound turns mixture into sloppy mess, Basle might help. Take finger out. With inside tips make a few marks on side. If foreign medlars turn bitter, beat to pulp. Keep bay-liffs out until liquidator needed. (Conservative palates may find too many aromatic 'Erbs laying about!) Cover completely with honeyed, floury balls.

Pop into overheated Economy Oven.

Pick out sillybilly breakaway constituents. Place in upper chamber. GERRY HAMILL

Michael Foot Bhaji: a New Delhi speciality; has a mild hallucinogenic effect, and may cause temporary blindness. (Party hacks generally choose Redistribution Curries, informal 'Help Yourself' affairs out of a common pot, served with quango chutney.) MORAY MCGOWAN



Tony Miles

Chess

No 9

England's Performance

England's third place at the Haifa Olympiad has been widely acclaimed as a success. Personally, I am inclined to disagree. The result can be put into perspective by a comparison with the previous Olympiad at Nice. There England finished tenth. However, the first nine teams included the USSR, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, East Germany and Bulgaria, none of whom played at Haifa. The other three were US, Holland and West Germany, so effectively England moved up from fourth to third, overtaking just West Germany. But the German team at Haifa was without Hübner, Hecht, Pieger and Schmid (amongst others), on current form four of their top five players. Thus, considering that the England team is supposed to be considerably stronger than ever before, the result can scarcely be regarded as a vast improvement.

The individual English scores (in board order) were A. J. Miles 9/12, R. D. Keene 7/10, W. R. Hartston 6½/9, M. Stean 5½/8,

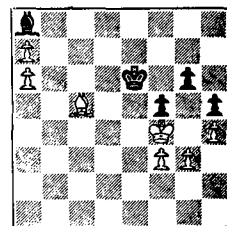
J. Mestel 3/6, J. D. M. Nunn 4½/7. I drew rather more games than I would like. Ray Keene played well to score his second GM norm and thus gain the title. Bill Hartston was most impressive with 1½ unfortunate exceptions (to be precise two moves which cost 1½ points), Michael Stean was solid, but perhaps one might have hoped for ½ point or so more after his recent successes. Jonathan Mestel was clearly off form, and John Nunn, though his wins were incisive, also accumulated 2 expensive losses. Michael Stean was responsible for one of the nicer miniatures of the event.

White: M. Stean (England). Black: L. Schneider (Sweden).

1. P-K4, P-QB4; 2. N-KB3, N-QB3; 3. P-Q4, P x P; 4. N x P, N-KB3; 5. N-QB3, P-Q3; 6. B-QB4, P-K3; 7. B-K3, B-K2; 8. Q-K2, P-QR3; 9. O-O-O, Q-B2; 10. B-N3, O-O; 11. KR-N1, N-QR4; 12. P-KN4, P-QN4; 13. P-N5, N x B ch; 14. RP x N, N-Q2; 15. R-N3, P-N5. I gather that the game left known 'theory' somewhere round here, though, not being an expert on this particular variation, I do not know where. Anyway, white now plays a promising piece-sac. 16. N-B5, KP x N. I am not sure how white intended to meet 16. . . . B-Q1, but doubtless he had something in mind. Perhaps 16. . . . N-B4 is better than the text, since now white has a terrific attack. 17. N-Q5, Q-Q1; 18. P x P, R-K1; 19. P-B6 was threatened. 19. Q-B3, B-B1. In this sort of position the annotator tends to suggest an alternative (19. . . . R-N1) without being convinced that it's an improvement. 20. N-B6 ch, N x N; 21. P x N, B-Q2; 22. B-Q4, Q-R4? If 22. . . . P-N3; 23. P x P, RP x P; 24. Q-R5! threatens R x P ch but 22. . . . P-N3; 23. P x P, B-R3 ch! followed by RP x P should be tried. 23. R x P ch! K-R1. Or 23. . . . B x R; 24. Q-N4 mating. 24. Q-N4, Resigns. Since 24. . . . B-K2; 25. R x P ch or 24. . . . P-R3; 25. R-N8 ch (25. R x P followed by R x B ch is also efficient but tasteless) K-R2; 26. Q-N6 ch!! P x Q; 27. P x P ch, K x R; 28. P-B7 mat!!

Problem 9:

White to play. Can he make any progress? Entries to me at the NEW STATESMAN post-marked not later than 8 December.



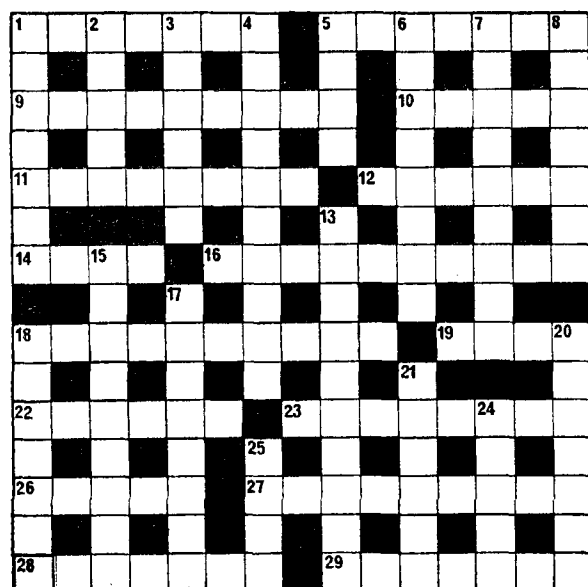
Solution to Problem 7

1. . . . R-K6! 2. P x R (R-B1 is slightly better). Q x P; 3. B x B, B-B6 ch; 4. K-R2, Q-Q7 ch; 5. K-N1, Q x B ch: Resigns.

Winners of the October series of problems will be announced next week.

Weekend Crossword 1192

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1192, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 7 Dec.



ACROSS

- If the scientists lost the scent, they would have the opposite of the smell (7).
- 'As luscious as —' (Othello) (7).
- Hear poems broadcast as means of communication (9).
- Piece of paper for one boy in the class (5).
- Point out oriental version of Greek goddess? (8).
- Bone-following dog (6).
- One among things which are pleasing if timely (4).
- The religious have worries about me burning (10).
- Dog-headed surly fellow (10).
- Pace which is the reverse of wrong (4).
- Organised detectives although the scent was bad (6).
- Old woman holds something cold for the guide (8).
- A saint goes back for a woman (5).
- Where there is a sign to go ahead and touch down (9).

- Virtue shown by the son they spoiled (7).
- Only 19 yet becoming shaky (7).

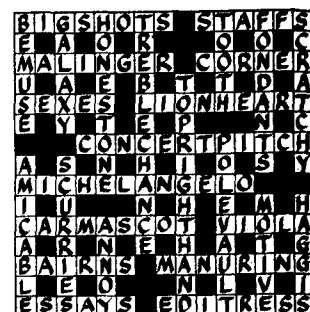
DOWN

- Being in the sun, the cover is in a container (7).
- Fancy embracing me as celebrated! (5).
- Collision as the result of a devilish deed? (6).
- Grant changing in beach but not over wide area (10).
- 'Damn with faint praise, assent with civil —' (Pope) (4).
- Comedian makes island give nothing away (8).
- Onlooker makes one stop and react oddly (9).
- South Africa wearies of criticisms of folly (7).
- Proving flesh and blood disposes me to be mind (10).
- Getting on with a fellow in town (9).
- Strict moralists who are possibly past ruin (8).
- Place in Greece which is not rich in ruins (7).

- Stay due irregularly, but it occurs regularly (7).
- The river has to know fishing gear (6).
- Hold forth when there is nothing to value (5).
- Unattractive and strange guy about fifty (4).

SET SQUARE

Solution to No 1190



Prizewinners to No 1190

H. Palmer (Colchester)
Mary Earle (London W11)
P. M. Bull (Romford)

APPOINTMENTS

SHELTER

National Campaign For The Homeless DIRECTOR

Shelter is seeking to appoint a new Director to replace Douglas Tilbe who, after three years as Director of the Campaign, is resigning to accept an appointment as Chief Executive of CDS, the Co-operative housing agency.

The person appointed will be responsible to the Board of Management for the overall, effective running of the Campaign and he or she will act as Shelter's main spokesman. His/her duties will include the co-ordination of housing and fund-raising policies and the supervision of the strategy for their implementation, and liaison with Government Ministers, MPs, local authorities, trade unions and other pressure groups and voluntary organisations.

Candidates should be of proven administrative ability, effective in public speaking and should preferably have a knowledge of housing and fund-raising.

Shelter has a staff of 65 people and 11 Regional Offices in England. Salary between £6,250 and £7,250.

Further information, inquiries and applications enclosing C.V., to: Douglas Tilbe, Director, Shelter, 157 Waterloo Rd, London SE1 8UU. 01-633 9377

CLOSING DATE — FRIDAY, 10 DECEMBER, 1976

Young Volunteer Force Foundation

DEVELOPMENT OFFICER

c. £4,500

YVFF aims to promote a more equitable society by involving groups of people in experimental projects, and by extracting and applying the experience of such activities. Fieldwork projects — neighbourhood work, advice centres, area resource centres, social education and coffee-bar work with young people etc — deal with a variety of issues, such as housing, planning, youth unemployment and participation, and are supported by a Central Resources Unit in London.

A Development Officer is required to fill a vacancy in the central team of 7 people responsible for the support and development of existing and new projects, exploring different methods of intervention in community work and youth work.

The successful candidate, over 25, will draw on substantial community work field experience to demonstrate abilities appropriate to this challenging work. In addition, he or she will show evidence of a capacity for personal change and development.

The post is based in London, but will involve frequent travel to the projects around the country.

Further details: Pamela Marshall, (76), YVFF, 7 Leonard Street, London EC2. 01-251 0034. Closing date 10 December 1976.

TRADE UNION ORGANISER

The National Union of Bank Employees

require an Organiser to work in the South and West of England Region. Previous experience in this type of employment would be an advantage. Commencing salary £3,525 p.a. on scale rising to £4,329 p.a. Motor car provided. Good holidays and conditions of service.

Applications giving full details of age, qualifications and previous posts should be addressed to NUBE, Sheffield House, Portsmouth Road, Esher, Surrey KT10 9BH, by 3 December 1976.

TRADE UNION ORGANISER

The National Union of Bank Employees

require an Organiser to work in Scotland but based in Glasgow. Previous experience in this type of employment would be an advantage. Commencing salary £3,525 p.a. on scale rising to £4,329 p.a. Motor car provided. Good holidays and conditions of service.

Applications giving full details of age, qualifications and previous posts should be addressed to NUBE, Room 321, 11 Bothwell Street, Glasgow G1, by 3 December 1976.

UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Sydney, Australia

LECTURER SCHOOL OF DRAMA

Academic or professional qualifications in film studies required. The School is chiefly interested in film criticism and film aesthetics but some knowledge of practical film making would be an advantage, as would ability to teach in some area of drama. Salary: \$A13,033-\$A17,427 per annum (under review). Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience.

For details of appointment and application forms apply to the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF. Applications close on 31 January 1977.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ASTON IN BIRMINGHAM

ARTS ADMINISTRATOR

£2,766-£5,418

Applications are invited from candidates with a qualification in Arts Administration, or alternatively with direct experience in this field, for a new post of Administrative Assistant in the Centre for the Arts. The successful candidate will be responsible to the Registrar for the general management of a flourishing and expanding Arts Centre, which includes a Studio Workshop, Arts Lab, Cinema, Arts and Craft Studios, which makes a significant contribution to the cultural activities in the city of Birmingham. Duties will include financial control, publicity, negotiation of contracts and licences, revenue appeals, and committee servicing. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from Mr J. M. Snowdon, Personnel Officer, The University of Aston in Birmingham, Gosta Green, Birmingham B4 7ET, quoting reference number 0/816/NS. Completed application forms should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

A firm of town planners, architects and engineers, working mainly in developing countries, seeks a young person to assist with report editing and production in their London office. Previous experience not essential, but the job requires ability to write clearly and concisely about technical subjects and to organise and produce work on time.

This is an interesting and active job with a starting salary around £3,000.

Please apply by letter, stating age, education and experience, to
MR STUART GREENSTREET
COLIN BUCHANAN & PARTNERS
47 PRINCES GATE,
LONDON SW7 2QE

BUSINESS CAREERS: Discuss matters with a trained interviewer. Call and discover the surprisingly wide range of career opportunities (or, if preferred, telephoning), in Central London. Stella Fisher Bureau, 110 Strand, WC2. 836 6644.

TEMPORARY SECRETARIAL WORK through Covent Garden Bureau, offers the best scope to the London Secretary/Typist. Join us now. Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, EC4. 01-353 7696.

INDUSTRIAL & FINANCIAL INTERVIEWERS

We are a leading Market Research company specialising in industrial and financial research. From time to time we need freelance people for top level executive interviewing in specialist fields.

If you are articulate, can write, and have experience in engineering, computers, electronics, chemicals or related subjects, or in the City, and are not necessarily based in London, please telephone Marilyn Baxter on 01-240 2450.

HUTCHINSON'S small and busy copy-editing department needs a person about half time to do partly secretarial and partly editing work. Good spelling and grasp of English essential, previous publishing experience helpful. Exact hours and salary to be agreed at a rate equivalent to £2,200 full time. Four weeks holiday, luncheon vouchers. Write with CV to: Chris Chippindale, Hutchinson Publishing Group, 3 Fitzroy Square, London W1.

PLACING PEOPLE in the right office job is what we do. If you would like to join Covent Garden Bureau the well known Fleet Street Agency, ring David Fisher, 53 Fleet St. EC4. 353 7696.

MEDICAL SECRETARIES and receptionists urgently required for doctors and hospitals, perm. and temp. M. & S. Agency, 124 Gloucester Road, SW7. 373 7185.

COLLEGE LEAVER Secretaries preferring Social Services, Charities and The Arts in general will prefer to find their first post through the College Leaver Specialist at Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, London EC4. 01-353 7696.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 118 New Bond Street, W1 (opp Fenwick's). 493 3005.

NUFFIELD COLLEGE, OXFORD

Intends to appoint a

RESEARCH OFFICER

to be employed on a project concerned with changes in relative earnings in the UK. Details available from:

Dr W. E. J. McCarthy,
Nuffield College, Oxford.

Editorial Director of PENGUIN BOOKS

requires top level Secretary/PA to work at London (Victoria) office. Salary in the region of £3,000 will be paid to an intelligent, efficient and well organised person. C.V. to Sandra Tuck, Personnel Officer, Penguin Books, Bath Road, Harmondsworth, Middlesex.

AGRICULTURAL, MARKETING AND COOPERATIVE ADVISERS

required to work with 'campesino' (subsistence farmer) organisations in Latin America.

Volunteer terms; intensive Spanish language training provided.

Write with brief details of curriculum vitae to: CIIR Overseas Volunteers, 1 Cambridge Terrace, London NW1 4JL.

Appts Wanted

FINISHING I.R.Ph.D. m, 29, seeks position January. Mgt & TU experience. Articles on environmental politics and TUs. LP, ASTM, IWC, SERA. Finds Lucas Aerospace Combine work important. Box 5972.

AMERICAN SOCIAL WORKER/S.W. Administrator, 42, seeks position or exchange of positions in the UK. Now working in residential care and group homes w/pre-delinquent children 12-18 yrs. old. Location: rural Appalachian Mtns. 1½ hrs. drive from nearest city. For particulars write: A. Laursen, Davis-Stuart, Inc., Lewisburg, W. Va. 24901, USA.

Schools

THE NEW SCHOOL, King's Langley, based on the educational principles of Rudolf Steiner. This method of education aims at unfolding individual faculties and the development of truly social impulses. Co-educational Boarding and Day School. 5-18 years. GCE at 'O' and 'A' levels. Prospectus on application. King's Langley 62505.

WYCHWOOD GIRLS SCHOOL, Oxford, 11 to University age, exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principal, Mrs J. E. Schuller MA.

Holidays/ Travel

WINDERMERE HOTEL

Enjoy a grand dry land cruise. S.S. Windermere sails on Friday 24 December and docks on Tuesday 28 December.

Enjoy all the fun of a winter cruise without leaving the hotel or getting seasick.

Send now for brochure or telephone Sue or Chris for details. Berths are selling out fast, so book now.

Windermere 2251. Windermere Hotel, Windermere, Cumbria.

FAIR PRICES for Winter sunshine. Luxury villas with private pools or inexpensive apartments. Beachside Taverna in unsophisticated fishing village. All inclusive air holidays from Gatwick. Our policy is to publish a Guaranteed inclusive price for our holidays and avoid any additional expenses such as surcharges at a later date. For summer '77 why not make a provisional booking now without a deposit? A price list will be forwarded to you when published and you are not liable if you do not wish to accept. Write or phone for Brochure: Lanzarote Villas, Oastside, Cudham, Sevenoaks, Kent. Tel. Biggin Hill 73528. (ATOL 803 B).

A-1 RELIABLE & ECONOMICAL FLIGHTS world-wide: New Era Travel, 42 Glasshouse St, W1. Tel: 01-437 7243/3636/1950.

MAGIC BUS: Amsterdam daily, £10 one way, £19.50 return. Delhi £70 single, many other European destinations. 74 Shaftesbury Ave, W1. 439 0729/439 0557.

SCHEDULED ECONOMY FLIGHTS to Australia, New Zealand, Far East, India, Africa, Tel Aviv, Tokyo, America, and Europe. Contact WTS, 3 Winnet Street, London W1. Tel. 01-437 6435 or 01-439 7674/5.

Cheapest Flights

to Australia, NZ, Tokyo, Manila, & Far East. Excursion fares to US, Canada & Caribbean. Daily Charters to NY. Inclusive Tour Fares to Europe & Middle East. Special Fare to S. America & Africa.

Kaydee Travel
30 Gt. Windmill St, W1
434 1327/734 3196

HOLIDAYS FOR THINKING PEOPLE

ALBANIA CHINA CUBA
FAROEES FINLAND ICELAND
GDR LIBYA TURKEY

Regent Holidays, Regent Street,
Shanklin, Isle of Wight,
PO37 7AE
Phone 098386 4212 ATOL 856B

Economy Flights, Return

Tehran, Lisbon, Istanbul, Madrid, Athens, Milan, Cyprus, Rome, Naples, Santiago, also Far East and Middle East.
Persepolis Travel,
13 Jacey Galleries, 523 Oxford Street, W.1.
629 4851/3542, Night 221 5524.

SKYWARD TRAVEL CLUB

NY & Toronto are still under £120 return. We also have the best prices for many other world-wide destinations. For details contact: Skyward Travel, 51 Brompton Rd., London, SW3, or Telephone 01-589 9664/5.

Financial

LOANS FROM £30. Salaried Persons Postal Loans Ltd, 175 Regent St, W1. 734 3519.
IMMEDIATE ADVANCES. £50-£20,000. Regional Trust Ltd, 8 Clifford St, New Bond St, London W1. 01-734 5983 or 2914.

Accom. Vacant

DOUBLE ROOM in St John's Wood flat. Share kitchen, bathroom, lounge and telephone with one other. £22 p.w. Box 6023.
CHELSEA: Large, sunny bed-sit., all mod. cons. £9.50 p.w. 352 7552.

ISLINGTON: Own room in quiet flat with journalist couple. £60 incl. p.c.m. (Less, if used as pied-à-terre). Ring 01-359 9582 after 6 p.m. and weekends.

QUIET FLAT ISLINGTON, nr City & Universities. Bed-sit & kit/diner, share bthrm. £16 p.w. 226 8922 before 9.30, after 6.30.

CAN YOU AFFORD A MORTGAGE BUT CAN'T RAISE ONE?

Co-ownership might be the answer. At our conversions in W5, SW5 & W10, there are automatic mortgage facilities.

Completion 1977.

Second Counterbuild Housing Association Ltd.
14 South Hill Park, NW3.
01-435 2521

Distressed by hotel prices in London?

The Sloane Club, whose origins go back to 1922, is now able to accept a limited number of applications for membership.

Members are provided with a bedroom and Continental breakfast for £6.48.

Lunch and Dinner: £1.75.

In addition, The Sloane Room, Bar, Library, quiet rooms and 24 hours porterage are all that you would expect from a London club.

Details of membership for both Ladies and Gentlemen can be obtained by writing to the Club Secretary, quoting reference: NS9



52 Lower Sloane Street, London SW1W 8BS

Accom. Wanted

FEMALE GRADUATE, 27, seeks cheap room/flatlet, pref. unfurnished. Box 5996.

AMERICAN prof. woman seeks furnished accommodation until 31 August. Islington/Camden Town. Ring 607 2338 after 9 p.m.

DESPERATE TEACHER, female, urgently requires 2 bedrm flat for 6 mths, nr W8. £30 p.w. max. Excellent refs. Box 5988.

ART STUDENTS urgently need house/large flat nr Kennington. Tel. 546 4015 evgs.

TWO MALE TEACHERS seek own rooms in mixed flat. Must be easy access Pimlico, Islington. Box 6017.

VISITING ACADEMICS. Landlords: we urgently require flats & houses within easy reach of the British Museum & the University. Helen Watson & Co. 637 4863.

Removals

TAXIMOVES FOR 1 & 2 TON VANS, all with helpful working drivers. 722 7661.

GENTLE GHOST

REMOVALS
COOPERATIVE

Fast, cheap & reliable
All sizes

603 2865/602 3719

33 Norland Rd, London W11.

Students

ISRAEL KIBBUTZ schemes. For details send s.a.e. to Project 67 (NS), 21 Little Russell Street, WC1. Tel. 01-242 3506.

UNUSUAL PEN FRIENDS excitingly different, highly personal dept. & married couples dept. Monthly Journal. Free broch. S.a.e. (SNX) Bureau des Amies, PO Box 54, Rugby, Warks.

GAY SWITCHBOARD

01-837 7324

information and help service for homosexual women/men. 24 hr. service. 7 days a week.

VIETNAM

5 million wounded—of whom many thousands are permanent invalids. 1,300,000 orphans. 100,000 amputees. 30,000 children deaf from bombing.

These are just some of the problems that face the Vietnamese in the aftermath of war. Can anyone conceive of dealing with this enormous medical task without the proper facilities? During the war 122 hospitals and 533 health centres were razed to the ground, and the Ky Anh hospital, in one of the most heavily bombed areas of Vietnam, was totally destroyed three times.

To aid the Vietnamese in the reconstruction of their country, please help us to rebuild the Ky Anh hospital by sending a Christmas donation to:

THE BRITISH HOSPITAL FOR VIETNAM COMMITTEE (NS)
St Mary of the Angels, Moorhouse Road, London W2 6DJ
Tel: 01-229 0028
Registered Charity No. 269657

Restaurants

THE FRENCHMAN

5 Park Place

CARDIFF

0222 28899

When in Cardiff visit the informal atmosphere of our fully licensed

BISTRO

opposite the New Theatre.
Open lunchtimes and evenings
until 1 a.m.

Motijheel

FAMOUS FOR INDIAN CURRIES

SPECIAL MOTIHEEL RECIPE

53A MARCHMONT ST, WC1

Nearest Tube Russell Square

PHONE FOR RESERVATIONS

01-837 1038

Fully licensed

OPEN WEEKDAYS & SUNDAYS

12-3 p.m. and 6 p.m. to midnight

Personal

FRIENDS OF THE ARYON FOUNDATION. Christmas Party, 11 Dec. 8 p.m. onwards. Covent Garden Community Centre, 27 Shelton St, WC2. £2. Please join us and help us to raise funds for the Arvon Foundation.

If you have been to Tottleigh Barton or Lumb Bank on creative writing courses, you know it works. Tickets at door or from Arthur Elliott, Hazeldene Books, 2 Okus Road, Swindon.

BACHELOR (53). London based professional, recently returned from foreign parts, views prospect TV-ridden Christmas with A and D, seeks four-day working break. Distance no object, ambience is all. Box 5984.

SALARIED WOMEN'S POSTAL LOANS Ltd. Loans from £30. 175 Regent St, W1. 01-734 1974.

WRITERS' WRITING WEEKEND. Berkshire, 29-30 Jan. A different training for writers (& beginners). Sympathetic small group. Party. Make friends. J. Wesolowski, 30a Arundel Square, N7. (607 4172).

HERETIC CARDS (anti-Xmas). S.a.e. details or £1 range. BS, 6 Stanstead Grove, SE6.

HOMOSEXUAL? Lesbian? Problems? Talk it through with the women and men at 'Friend' on 01-359 3973 bet. 7.30 p.m.-10 p.m. div.

'MORE THAN A VETO' ... argues for workers' control in a free economy. From: New Foundation, Sandpit Hall Road, Chobham, Surrey. Price 25p.

LOTUS SUTRA. Buddhist highest teaching. Life Philosophy & div practice. Box 6014.

SLEEP - GLORIOUS SLEEP with Kifa Ear Plugs 75p pkt incl. p & p. Svgedmed. 15 Church St, Weybridge, Surrey, KT13 8DE.

N.W. LONDON READERS

ARE YOU SATISFIED
WITH YOUR
T.V. RENTAL SERVICE?

DRAZIN LTD offer a high standard of service with a wide choice of models. We have been established in Hampstead since 1927. Telephone 435 7441 or call at our showrooms at

59 HEATH ST, NW3

(opposite Hampstead Tube Station)
N.W. London readers only, please

VISION CORRECTED. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates practitioner, Michael Ronan, 39 Smith Street, London SW3. 935 9847.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, PSYCHOLOGIST. Formerly of Princes Gate. Now at Richmond. Phone 940 4416.

DEVELOP CONFIDENCE/overcome depression/tension, etc. Psychotherapist P. Millin has helped many people. (01) 800 4045.

BODYMIND METHODS (Primal, Bioenergetic, Gestalt, Meditation, Reciprocity (reciprocal non-professional support)) can be integrated to find out how. Inquire Reciprocity, 10 Steeles Mews South, NW3.

PSYCHOTHERAPY? Come to AGIP for individual or group sessions. Write to the Secretary, 29 St Mark's Crescent, NW1.

GRADUATE, 51, div., no commitments, responsible position, widely travelled, seeks attractive lady, early 40s, with sufficient means to make marriage viable. Box 5963.

STUDENT (m.), 26, single, seeks sincere lady for friendship/meetings. Box 5958.

SOPHISTICATED & attractive f., young 50s, seeks prof. businessman, sense of humour essential. Friendship initially. Box 6005.

UNCONFIRMED BACHELOR. Financially secure, still virginal at 50, wishes for family life contentment, with lady and family, boy and girl (or more), teenage and under. Fatherly instincts and seeking wisely shared mutual comforts. Perhaps to have own children with Mrs or Miss 'Right'? Seeking fulfilment. If not too late? Living Swansea. Box 6029.

POSTGRAD. STUDENT, mid-20s, witty, considerate and interested in literature, music, dancing and sports, wants to meet a lady of between 20-30 for companionship. All letters acknowledged. Box 5903.

YORKSHIREMAN, intelligent, dependable & quite presentable (alas! not wealthy), 46, 5'11", residing Suffolk, would like to meet attractive, slim young lady of suitable age with a down-to-earth outlook & the desire to live a little, give as well as take & make equal effort to create a lasting, meaningful relationship. If you are looking for an 'instant father' this is not for you. Box 5982.

ENGLISHMAN (SCORPIO), intelligent, dependable, humorous, individualist. Not wealthy, liking conversation, drinks, music, cinema, most things, sincerely seeks petite girl 40-50, homeloving, understanding, warm-hearted, uninhibitedly sensuous, earthy, yet totally loyal to one man for lasting, mutually happy & stable relationship. Genuine replies welcome, day/evening 01-692 2896.

ISN'T THERE JUST ONE attractive, slim, responsive, homeloving, cultured female, willing to take an interest in a 44-year-old divorced, well-integrated, sensitive, tall, slim, music-loving man, who's looking for a lasting relationship/marriage? NW London. Box 5966.

SOPHISTICATED, ATTRACTIVE widow, seeks gentleman companion 60+, cultured and articulate. Own car. London. Box 6007.

GAY? WHY BE LONELY? Meet your new friend at the Adam Bureau. 01-437 0703.

MARRIAGE & ADVICE BUREAU. Katharine Allen (ex-Welfare Officer Ministry of Labour, War Office, Foreign Office). Personal introductions. 7 Sedley Pl., W1. 499 2556.

'EVERYBODY NEEDS SOMEBODY' some time. Status gives you a better chance to meet your kind of people. Contact London's premier Marriage/Friendship Service for unattached professional people. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High St, W1. 286 2128 (24 hrs)

HEATHER JENNER—MARRIAGE BUREAU The only Bureau to have representatives throughout the country. Send s.a.e. to Mail Office, 12 New Bond Street, London W1. 01-629 9634. Interviews free.

UNIQUE SOCIAL CLUB. Make friends with really interesting people. Members include doctors, art hostesses, nurses, etc. Details s.a.e.: N33, Sheringham Avenue, N14.

THE LONELINESS PROBLEM is worse for better-educated people: there are fewer of us; our standards are higher; contact is more difficult. Send 10p for news of a solution to Tally's c/o Mailroom, 32 Newman Street, London W1P 3PE.

JOAN REMICK Marriage and Friendship Bureau. A unique personal service. 153 Knightsbridge, London SW1. 589 7567.

FIND FRIENDSHIP, LOVE or marriage. All ages, areas - free details from: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept NT, 23 Abingdon Road, London W8. Tel. 01-937 6503.

DUREX. Latest Continental, Japanese and American brands at discount prices. Send for details of free dozen offer. Premier, 11/46 Black Lion St, Brighton BN1 1PJ.

FREE PREGNANCY TESTING AND ADVICE

British Pregnancy Advisory
Service (Charitable Trust)

Telephone

Birmingham (021) 643 1461

Brighton (0273) 509726

Cardiff (0222) 372389

Chester (0244) 27113

Leeds (0532) 443861

Liverpool (051) 227 3721

London (01) 222 0985

Manchester (061) 236 7777

Sheffield (0742) 738326

CONTRACEPTIVES INTERNATIONAL

60 DUREX Gossamer£3.75

48 DUREX/Fetherlite£2.40

48 NUFORM/FETHERLITE£3.25

12 AEGIS Black Geronimo£1.29

24 GOLD KNIGHT£1.25

10 DUTCH FAN£1.80

12 U.S.A. Stimula£1.75

INTERNATIONAL Selection£2.50

Warwickshire Supplies (NES),

Colehill, Birmingham, B46 1HT

Return AD when ordering for

FREE Samples worth 50p!!

MARITAL AIDS CATALOGUE 20p

Courses

Continued from p. 776

DEGREE, GCE and professional courses by post with qualified tutors and personal timetable from Wolsey Hall, the Oxford Correspondence College, Accredited CACC, Member ABCC. Free prospectus from W. Milligan MA, Dept BG2, Wolsey Hall, Oxford OX2 6PR or tel 0865-54231 (24 hrs.).

FRENCH, German, Spanish, Italian, thru English. Fast, easy, speech method. Suits adults & beginners. Apply for trial lessons with s.a.e. 71 Rodenhurst Road, SW4.

Secretarial

PETER COXSON Literary/Academic, London: 584 0198; 876 5306. Export/Mail Order Dept. Pockocks, Hawkley, Liss, Hants.

GROUP of postgraduates will arrange to have your editing, proof-reading, indexing, typing etc. done expertly. Phone 727 5289.

QUALITY typing, English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts, 452 6617.

TEAMWORKER TYPISTS (NW3). Intelligent, accurate, fast. Books/theses. 267 0673.

TRANSLATIONS undertaken & typed expertly, rapidly, reasonably. Translitor. 622 8127.

Christmas Gifts

BRUCE LEE'S OWN BOOK

Marital Arts Training Guide, Tao of Jeet Kune Do. (£6.50 inc. p&p)
Iron Palm in 100 Days

Tai-Chi Chuan (£4.00 inc. p&p)

Phai-Boxing (£3.00 inc. p&p)

Nunchaku (Round Chain) (£4.50 inc. p&p)

Samurai Sword (Decorative) (£13.00 inc. p&p)

Oriental World Dept NS,
18 Swan St. Manchester 4.

Please send s.a.e. for catalogue and complete price list.

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, Greenwich, SE10, offers a wide selection of Christmas cards and gifts. Visit one of the three Bookshops or write for catalogue to the Bookshops Manager.

CHRISTMAS TREATS from The Malcolm Sargent Cancer Fund for Children. Send s.a.e. for details of stereo Carol Records, Christmas Cards and Trees for your friends to: 6 Sydney Street, London SW3 6PP.

'THE BLIND GIRL' is one of 12 colour reproductions in the 1977 Pre-Raphaelite Calendar, published by Birmingham Museums and Art Gallery and the Arts Council. 17" x 8", with envelope, £2.60 inc. VAT and postage. Publications Unit, BMAG, Congreve Street, Birmingham B3 3DH.

GET THEM OFF THE FLOOR!! Elegant solid chestnut wall brackets for stereo speakers. S.a.e. details coloured photo, Renahall Ltd, 261 Dunchurch Rd, Rugby.

WOMEN'S Liberation/Black Nationalism/ European, American, Soviet Studies/ Sociology/Philosophy/Cuba, Latin America/ China, Asia/Marxism/catalogues on request: Pathfinder Press, 47 The Cut, London SE1 8LL (01-261 1354).

SECONDHAND Fiction and Biography, also new books at reduced prices, all at World of Books, 30 Sackville Street, London W1.

REVIEW COPIES. We are large buyers of review copies and of collections of books in fine condition on all subjects, including quality paper-backs. R. A. Boon, Book-sellers, 348 Upper St, N1. 01-359 1196. Open daily incl. Sat. 9.30 a.m.-5.30 p.m.

Q. INTERNATIONAL

The homosexual magazine
ABOUT MEN - FOR MEN

On sale every month £1
or by post from Q-Centaur Ltd,
289 Kings Rd, London, S.W.3



R. & J. BALDING (BOOKS) LTD.

5 & 25 St. Stephen Street, Edinburgh

EH3 5AN TELEPHONE: 031-225 6895

ANTIQUARIAN, RARE
& SCHOLARLY BOOKS

CATALOGUES ISSUED REGULARLY
AVAILABLE ON REQUEST

ALL BOOKS REVIEWED OR ADVERTISED CAN
BE ORDERED FROM

Hatchards
"The World's finest bookshop" Established 1797

187 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W1V 9DA

Books posted to any address. Telephone orders accepted night and day
Ring 01-439 9921 Bring the children to our new Children's Book Room

CHRISTMAS BOOK LIST, free on application



UNITED NATIONS CHILDREN'S FUND

Over 400 million children in more than 60 countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America are in danger of starvation. Massive aid, both immediate and long-term, is needed now. Otherwise as many as 30% of these children will die before they are four years old, and survivors could become an entire generation of stunted, diseased, blind or mentally retarded people. This is not special pleading. It is stark, horrible fact.

And yet just 10 UNICEF greeting cards will provide:
90 injections against smallpox

200 vitamin capsules to protect 100 children from blindness.

When you send UNICEF greeting cards this Christmas you really are sending good wishes that are worthwhile!

Send for illustrated brochure to:

Room 3, United Nations Children's Fund
84 Broomfield Road, Chelmsford, Essex.

DIEUDONNE LOVE CRYSTALS

Who would have thought it could happen in Barton-under-Needwood, Staffs. Love potions are prepared there from a formula 170 years old.

Suddenly there is an overwhelming demand for this herbal concoction. 1,500,000 bottles have just been ordered for export to the USA.

'I have never claimed my potions to be aphrodisiac,' says the lady who makes them (Mrs Dieudonné Langston), 'But I once put some in my husband's coffee. It worked wonders. I've nothing more to say about that!'

Find out more about these incredible crystals. Write for details to Dieudonné Ltd, Dept NS, 65-67 Wharfedale Road, King's Cross, London N1 9AB.

Books & Publications

BROADCASTING: Catalogue of over 500 books, pamphlets and magazines on radio & television available from Bampton Books, 'Franklyn,' Deymans Hill, Tiverton, Devon. We buy books on this and other subjects.

SPEEDY MAIL ORDER — ANY BOOKS

Obtain any books direct by mail—we give personal service and supply any books, educational, children's books, scientific, medical, etc. etc. We assist in ordering any book direct from publisher and dispatch books at once — on account — catalogues and lists available and enclosed with any consignment.

We send books on your behalf to relatives and friends anywhere.

Please telephone, write or call:

**ENGLISH CONTINENTAL
BOOK MARKET LTD.**
57a Brent Street,
London, N.W.4.
Telephone 01-202 9248

WORLD HISTORY. Books bought & catalogues issued on most areas. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

LIBRARIES BOUGHT. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High St. London SW13. 01-876 7254.

MAO TSETUNG POEMS

72p including p. & p.

PEASANT PAINTINGS

£2.55 including p. & p.

NEW ERA BOOKSHOP

203 Seven Sisters Road,
London N4.

Tel: 01-272 5894

etcetera

HOW TO BE AN EXECUTIVE... and survive the stress!

By Tony Thorne

It's something different, a satirical novel with the surplus words left out. The kind of book Jim Slater should have read a few years back. This is what some of the critics have said:

'An absorbing experience . . . brilliant flashes of insight' —
EVENING PRESS & STAR

'Successfully tackles new ground, written with tremendous control, economy and wit . . . easy to read, a really original and profound work' — ORBIS MAGAZINE

Other enthusiastic reviews range from 'A most ingenious construction' to 'Unlike any other book we've read before'.

These are the first reviews of the limited first edition of this unusual book. A second edition is now planned for publication in the Spring with a larger English Publisher. Meanwhile some signed first edition copies are still available from the **FIRST PUBLISHERS** at £1.95 post free for 96 pages of perceptive comment and advice for all managers and those who have to work or live with them.

Note: If you don't want a signature, say so and send only £1.25!

**ETCETERA PRESS, TUDOR HOUSE, BORDAGE,
GUERNSEY, CHANNEL ISLANDS**

NEW STATESMAN

Vol. 92 No. 2384

Contents

- 734 James Fenton: What the Queen Really Said
 735 Neal Ascherson: The Ironies of Devolution
 736 Alexander Cockburn: The Observer's Oil Deal
 737 Christopher Hitchens: For Reasons of State
 738 Malcolm Reid: Quebec Libre?
 738 Patrick Wintour: Stalking Sandelson
 740 Jeremy Bugler: Wind-scale's Fuel for Controversy
 740 Roger Woddis: The Strangeways Connection
 742 Profile of Norman St John-Stevens
 743 Jeremy Bentham: A Hanging Question
 744 Bernard Croft: Walking for Goodness' Sake
 745 Crucifer: London Diary
 746 John Daniel: The Poly and the College
 747 Arthur Marshall: She's a Lady
 748 Letters to the Editor

Books and Arts

Christmas Books 1

- 751 John Fowles: Conan Doyle
 752 Donald Davie: American Verse

- Other reviews by T. R. Fyvel,
 Peter Wilby, John Sturrock,
 Martin Amis, Paul Addison,
 Benedict Nightingale,
 Edward Boyle, Gillian
 Tindall, Julian Barnes
 767 John Spurling: Pompeii
 767 Ian Hamilton: Television
 768 Benedict Nightingale:
 Theatre
 769 John Coleman: Films
 770 Wilfrid Mellers: Jazz
 770 Craig Raine: Radio
 771 Russell Davies: Football
 772 Weekend Competition,
 Chess and Crossword
 Poems by David Harsent and
 Ted Hughes

Theatres

ABADABA MUSIC HALL: Have you been to the Star and Garter? 4 Lower Richmond Road (Putney Bridge). Every Wed.-Sat. 8 for 8.30. Details 789 6749. And still at 'Pindar of Wakefield'.

ALMOST FREE THEATRE, 9 Rupert Street, W1. 01-485 6224. Opened 22 Nov. 'The Swing' by Edward Bond. 1.15 daily.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE, 722 9301. 'A Seventh Man' by Adrian Mitchell. Eves. 8 p.m. Sats. 5 & 8 p.m.

LYTELTON (New National Theatre) 928 2252. Visit T.N.P. till Sat. Tonight 7.45, tomorrow 2.30 & 7.45 'La Dispute'. Mon. & Tues. 7.45 'The Force of Habit'. Wed. 7.45. Thurs. 2.30 & 7.45 'Blithe Spirit'. Over 100 excellent £1 seats on sale day of perf. from 8.30 a.m. Car park open evenings.
ROYAL COURT, 730 1745. Eves 8. Sats. 5 & 8.30. Norman Beaton in Mustapha Matura's 'Rum an Coca-Cola'. V. funny. D. Express. A great evening. . . . F.T.

ARTS THEATRE. 836 3334

'Worth queuing for from breakfast time' Financial Times.

TOM STOPPARD'S DIRTY LINEN

Mon. - Thurs. at 8.30. Fri. & Sat. 7.00 & 9.15.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

70p per line (average 6 words; minimum 2 lines) Box No 50p
 Trade in Personal £1.00 Display, centimetre £4.00
 Send copy to arrive Tuesday a.m. or telephone 01-405 8471
 NEW STATESMAN, GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON WC1V 7HJ

OLIVIER (New National Theatre) 928 2252. Tonight & Mon. 7.30, tomorrow 2.15 & 7.30 'Playboy of the Western World'. Wed. 7 'Hamlet'. Thurs. 7.30 'Counting the Ways'. Over 130 excellent £1 seats on sale day of perf. from 8.30 a.m. Car park open evenings.

THE SUGAWN THEATRE presents 'God is Dead on Balls Pond Road', a new play by J. M. O'Neill. Mon.-Thurs. at 8 p.m. Admission 70p. Box Office 254 1458. The Sugawn Theatre, The Duke of Wellington, Balls Pond Road, Islington, N1.

THEATRE ROYAL WINDSOR, 95 61107. Until 11 Dec. Trevor Bannister in 'A bit Between the Teeth', by Michael Pertwee.
VANBRUGH THEATRE CLUB, 28 Nov. Clifford Odet's 'Golden Boy'. Details RADA, 62 Gower St. WC1. 01-637 7076.

WORD & ACTION (DORSET) presents 'Flute Below' a new comedy by R. G. Gregory, at the Cockpit, Gateforth St. NW8. Wed. 1 Dec. 7.30 p.m. Admission at door. Details: Weymouth 74205.

SHOSTAKOVICH 5th SYMPHONY at St John's, Smith Sq., SW1. Sun. 28 Nov. 19.30 hrs. Seats all unreserved. Potters Bar (77) 50735. Joseph D. Pilbery, Conductor.

Concerts

Poetry

POETRY PRIZES total £200 - Michael Johnson Mem. Forms s.a.e. Ver Poets (MJ/NS). 61 Chiswell Green Lane, St Albans.

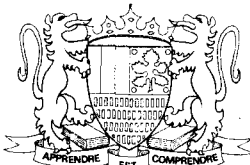
Exhibitions

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN USSR

An exhibition of Soviet Children's Books until 8 Dec. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. At NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE 7 Albemarle St. W1.
 Adm. FREE (01-493 9001)
 Nearest tubes Green Park, Piccadilly Circus.

POMPEII - 18th Century engravings and original prints by Lowry, Moore, Boyd. Ganymed Gallery, 11 Great Turnstile, WC1. 405 9836. Mon.-Fri. 9.30-5.0.

FRENCH LANGUAGE COURSES FOR PROFESSIONALS



4- or 8-week intensive classes in beautiful surroundings. Specialising in beginners and intermediate levels. French professor and language laboratory. Brochure from
Grasse Ecole de Français
 38 Endless Street, Salisbury, Wilts
 Tel: Salisbury 22566 Telex: 477403.

NEW ALBANIA SOCIETY EXHIBITION

Monday 29 November —
 Saturday 18 December

At the Polytechnic of Central London,
 Main Entrance Hall, 309 Regent Street,
 London W.1.

ALBANIA TODAY AND YESTERDAY

OPEN ALL DAY UNTIL 8p.m.

Organised by: THE NEW ALBANIA SOCIETY,
 155 Fortress Road, London NW5

PEASANT PAINTING from Hu County, Shensi Province, China, (Arts Council Exhibition), Warehouse Gallery, 52 Earlham St., Covent Garden WC2. Until 23 Dec. Mon.-Sat. 11.00-19.00 hrs. Adm. free. Documentary slide sequence screened at 13.15 & 18.00 hrs daily until 3 Dec. Lecture: Architectural Association, 34 Bedford Square, WC1. Adm. 60p (students 30p) Fri. 26 Nov. at 19.00 hrs 'Tibet Today', illustrated talk by Felix Greene, author and film maker.

Entertainments

IT'S NOT WILDLY EXPENSIVE to make your party, soiree, social function, really memorable. Live 18th Century baroque music (for background or listening) from the Tavbridge Ensemble is good . . . and it's still Cheap! Contact Geoff Kemp on 01-724 3357 or 01-995 0590.

Meetings

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St. WC1E 6BT. Lunch Hour Lectures. 1.20 to 2. Admission free. 30 Nov. 'Maritime Disaster as an Incentive' by Professor K. J. Rawson; 2 Dec. 'Wrestling (all-in) with Angels: Rimbaud and Giraudoux' by Professor V. P. Underwood; 7 Dec. 'County Hospital' (Laurel and Hardy film); 'La Jonconde' (a humorous animated film about Leonardo da Vinci's 'Mona Lisa').

AFRICA CENTRE: 'A Policy on Multi-Racial Education?' Talk by Bev Woodroffe, Inspector for Community Relations in ILEA. Wed. 1 Dec. 6.30 p.m. 38 King St. WC1. Admission 40p. Students 25p. 837 1973.

'MORRIS & THE PATTERNS of Victorian Mediaevalism', Kelmscott House Colloquy, William Morris Centre, 26 Upper Mall, W6. Saturday, 18 December, 10.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. £3.00 (inc. buffet lunch). 01-748 5618.

ABUSE OF PSYCHIATRY, a vital public meeting. 2 p.m. 27 November, Central Hall, Westminster. Recently released after 2½ years in psychiatric prison, Leonid Plyushch, Ukrainian mathematician, will speak for the first time in this country. Other speakers: Natalya Gorbanevskaya, Lord Avebury, Dr Anthony Clare, Prof. Alec Jenner, Joan Lester MP, Rt Rev. Hugh Montefiore and Ernie Roberts (AUEW). Organised by Amnesty International.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Reg. Fresson, Minister of Housing, on 'A Socialist Housing Policy'. 1 Dec. 7.30 p.m. 5 Tavistock Place WC1. Collection. All welcome.

THEODOR HERZL SOCIETY, 57 Eton Ave. NW3. 30 November. 8.15 p.m. Mr Leon Raphael. 'The Seven Sisters of the Sheikhs'. Aspects of Oil Policy in the Middle East.

MORNING STAR International Bazaar. Thurs. 2 Dec. 12.30 to 9 p.m. St Pancras Assembly Rooms, Town Hall, Euston Road, London NW1. Gifts, toys, food, wine, books and prints etc.

YOUNG MAPAM invites you to hear Dr G. Nador speak on 'Jewish Mysticism' at 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6. Sun. 28 Nov. 8 p.m. (Tube Finchley Road).

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1 Sat. 27 Nov. 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 30 Nov. 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. Wed. 1 Dec. 6.30 p.m. 'Mahayana & Theravada Buddhism' - Two separate Study Classes. All welcome. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

THEOSOPHY. Informal Forum on Basic Theosophy. Sun. 28 Nov. 8 p.m. S.a.e. for free pamphlet, book list, programme of talks. ULT. 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

Courses

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD ST ANTONY'S COLLEGE

Applications are invited from men and women graduates, and from undergraduates in their final year, who wish to work for higher degrees in nineteenth and twentieth century history and in social studies. The College is ready to consider candidates whose first degree is in another discipline (e.g. languages, literature, geography), and who now wish to undertake historical, social, political or economic studies. The College has a particular interest in the following areas: Western Europe, Russia and Eastern Europe, the Middle East, the Far East, South Asia, Latin America and Africa.

Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary to the Tutor for Admissions, St Antony's College, Oxford. The closing date for applications is 15 January 1977.

INSTITUT FRANCAIS, 10-week Intensive Day Course in Oral French commencing 10 January 1977. Interviews from 6 to 15 December. Write to 14 Cromwell Place, London SW7 2JR (s.a.e.) or Tel. 589 6211 Ext. 45.

BRITISH BUDDHIST ASSOC. For details of new courses. Tel. 01-242 5538 (office hrs)
 Courses continued on p. 776